THE COMMONWEAL

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CRITICISM VERSUS ABUSE

IT was an amusing incident of the otherwise rather febrile blast of Mr. John J. Chapman against what he thinks to be the attempt by the Catholic Church to control education in America, that he should head the printed copy of his letter: The Speechless Protestants. "It is thought unkind and subversive," he said, "for any Protestant to resent the claims made by the Roman Curia, or even to call attention to them." Since it is the historic mission of Protestants to protest, we wonder why Mr. Chapman should fear the charge of unkindness, when they proceed to carry out their particular function. However that may be, few people will object to objections against their own belief so long as the objections spring from facts and not fantasies.

A recent number of the American Mercury contained some remarks which, in connection with Mr. Chapman's outburst, suggest some pertinent reflections on the subject of criticizing Catholicism. What the writer in the American Mercury has to say about the Church carries a particular interest to all who are concerned in keeping controversy—that noble but often sadly abused instrument of thought—from degenerating into mere squabbling, or the interchange of abuse. The gist of what the Mercury writer says is this—First, that "the learned brethren of the Latin rite now protest bitterly every time the Ku Klux has at them; if they were as shrewd as they are reputed they would be far less disturbed." Second, that, "the Church bears criticism very badly, and frequently hits below the belt in its rejoinders." Third, that "the Catholic Church in the Republic would be greatly benefited by a heavy bombardment—the heavier . . . the better."

The third point is the most important one. Moreover, it is true. But, let us distinguish. Let it first be agreed that the bombardment should be made with real criticism—and not with the ignorant vituperation that too often is miscalled criticism.

What, however, is criticism? One dictionary defines it as—"the act or art of criticizing, or judging by some standard, or a judgment thus formed; formulated opinions." Dictionary definitions are too often like other tagged and classified things, stored in museums, the breath of life no longer in them, but unless we are to permit the word "criticism" to become synonomous with hostile, or condemnatory, judgments, we must stick fairly closely to the meaning set forth above. Verbal bombardments, to be real criticism, must at least be based upon a reasonable examination of the object criticized, proceeding from some sort of standard of judgment. Anything else is merely prejudiced blame, or praise, or amorphous impressionism.

The Catholic Church is well used to criticism in its true and beneficial sense. This kind of criticism has been directed upon it from within and from without for some two thousand years. Theologians and philosophers of a hundred schools, but all under the same roof of the Church, have battled against each others' ideas in addition to answering and overcoming the unceasing bombardments of exterior critics. Thus was the great body of the defined dogmas and organized

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laws of the Church built up and tested. The vigorous functioning of its organism today is a pretty good proof of its capacity for assimilating criticism. Its mental metabolism is enormously efficient.

Unfortunately, both for the Church and for the nation, true criticism rarely tests the claims of Catholicism in the United States. Certainly, the spokesmen for the Ku Klux Klan simply bombard the Church with the missiles of inherited fear and hatred, or, more often, with the poison gas of mendacities. In a vast deal of K. K. K. "literature" we have never found anything remotely resembling honest criticism Professor John M. Mecklin, a non-Catholic, in his book on the Klan—a piece of sound criticism—states what may be urged in reasonable justification of the Klan in a lucid way. What he says may or may not be intrinsically true, but it is a thoughtful examination of the roots and soil of the Klan, it refers to some reasonable standard of judgment; it deserves and requires respectful consideration. But as Professor Mecklin himself fully shows, the Klan, like the A. P. A. and the Native American movements before it, either cannot or will not rest its case upon honest criticism. It depends upon mere prejudice, calumny, and lies.

This is a harsh statement, but it is true. Professor Mecklin shows that each of the movements against the Catholic Church named above has heavily depended for its support in attempting to prove that the Church is anti-American upon several demonstrable falsehoods.—First, that the Catholic Church buildings usually have arms and ammunitions stored in the cellars against a day of slaughter to be decreed by the Pope. Second, the bogus "oaths" of the Jesuits and the Knights of Columbus. (The latter, of course, is dragged in only by the K K. K., as the K. of C. did not exist during the earlier storms; but the bogus K. of C. oath is only a rehash of the former oath attributed to those unfortunate scapegoats of history, the Jesuits.) Third, forged quotations from documents purporting to emanate from American bishops, or preferably from the chief bugaboo, the Pope. Fourth, the books and lectures of "escaped nuns" and "converted" priests like Maria Monk and Father Chiniquy.

Now, if it seems to be true, as stated by the American Mercury writer, that the "Church bears criticism very badly, and frequently hits below the belt, in its rejoinders," it can invariably be shown that it is not the Church, through its authoritative spokesmen, that you will find chafing or fuming against this sort of "criticism," or hitting back in the same way, decidedly "below the belt"—but rather you will find that the resentment is shown by enraged or irritated Catholic individuals who do not follow the example of their own leaders but give way to a regrettable yet very human and understandable impulse to hit the other fellows' cheek when their own is slapped. As Professor Mecklin truly says—"on the whole, it must be said that the Catholic group, especially the official representatives of the Church, have conducted themselves with a dignity and reserve that stand in pleasing contrast to the hectic abandon of the leaders of the Klan." Some Catholic newspapers, and certain Catholic politicians, in addition to some humanly angered individuals, have talked violent nonsense; but that is all. Of course, we can not speak for the Catholic Church, but we are at least safe in saying that every fairly intelligent and even partially well-informed Catholic layman knows it to be true that his Church can be helped and has been helped by sincere criticism.

Certainly, if the Church encourages and commends the truthful criticism of her own children, she can not consistently complain if critics not of her fold examine the enormous mass of world history, philosophy, social action, literature, which the Church is responsible for during the twenty centuries of her unparalleled career, provided always that the critics are honest, and seek the truth. For the Church knows by experience how her worst humiliations, and the worst deeds of her evil or her mistaken children, when critically set forth and critically examined, have led to results that are emblazoned upon her brightest pages. Francis Borgia more than outweighed Alexander VI. The undoubted evils of the ante-Reformation period, critically faced and understood, were overcome by the reinspired energy of the Church's life in, and because of, the Counter Reformation. For every Luther from without there has been a Charles Borromeo from within.

It may be said, at this point, that it may be well enough for the Catholic reader to accept the Catholic side of disputed questions, but that a non-Catholic is under no such obligation. Well, if a Catholic student, or a non-Catholic student, turns to the Catholic Encyclopedia (a work, by the way, included in the official history readings at Harvard) he will find not only pro-Catholic assertions, but also the fair statement of other sides than the Catholic one. He will find in the bibliographies attached to all such articles, the names of the authorities and their books and articles—in a word, the documents, pro and con, provided for the impartial study of the facts.

In fact, nothing would be more illuminating to the fair-minded critic than an examination of various standard works of Catholic references—works such as the Stonyhurst philosophical series, or the works emanating from that great centre of modern learning, Louvain University, under the guidance of Cardinal Mercier. In them he will find a documentation and a dispassionable discussion of facts worthy of the highest standards of historical, literary or philosophical criticism. It is this sort of criticism that is needed now.

For as Cardinal Newman wrote, at a time when England was disturbed by an anti-Catholic tumult very similar to the one now raging here, "no conclusion is trustworthy that has not been tried by enemy as well as friend; no traditions have a claim upon us which shrink from criticism and dare not look a rival in the face."

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THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEK BY WEEK

THE municipality of New York seems to be experiencing considerable commotion on the subject of its projected art centre. Perhaps this is similar to the well recognized agitation of the individual artist during a creative mood. At all events, it has few elements of danger and many of positive value provided the whole scheme can be thrown into an orderly perspective, in which the foreground only is the art centre and the background something rather larger and more important—something we have not yet attained in American life but of which we begin to gather faint rumors. These rumors concern the use to which we shall put trained talent once it has passed through the mill of art-centre quantity production. There is but small value to American life in having large numbers of moderately well equipped artists unless we provide outlets for their further expression, a stimulus to their best endeavors and an appreciation of the real worth which may shine forth here and there. We mentioned last week the growing evidence that the ancient and most important practices of enlightened patronage are once more coming into vogue. Men and women of inherited or even recently accumulated wealth are beginning to discover a genuine interest in the personal encouragement of artists. We may reasonably expect an ever increasing and urgent pressure toward the creating of a new outward beauty in American life today. This is the true value and the promise that lies beyond all art centers and gives them their value and their reason.

THE printed record of the much-advertised debate of literary censorship between Messrs. Sumner and Boyd, now available, emphasizes the atmosphere of unreality with which the whole affair was invested. Those who attended at the Town Hall on November 14, have some reason to complain of poor value received. No specific instance of the matter complained of or defended was offered by either side, which is very much as if maps were excluded from a lecture on physical geography. Whether censorship be desirable or not for books, it appears to rest heavily upon debates. A little list of story titles, culled by Mr. Sumner from the vile periodicals that are suffered to litter our book-stalls and sow moral death and corruption broadcast—a couple of proliferations by Mr. Joyce the appositeness of which to the question under discussion was not quite clear, was absolutely all offered by way of illustration.

IT is needless to add that the time-worn parallel of the Old Testament was invoked once more by the enemies of control. Mr. Boyd's passing allusion to the "suggestiveness" of the Nancy Sykes episode in Oliver Twist makes amazing reading. If the Victorians were able to extract "suggestion" from the occasional excursions into sex of such masters as Dickens and George Eliot, they must have been furnished with a system of unpleasant mnemonics to which our generation has lost the clue.

THE spasm of national self-righteousness in which Mr. Sumner saw fit to indulge also left matters pretty much where they were, and his one excursion into history was unfortunate. To say that "at the time of Charles I, everything in England reflected licentiousness," is to challenge disgusted protest from any who have the slightest acquaintance with the century of Herbert, Juxon, Falkland and Mrs. Hutchinson. Luckily the further statement that "Cromwell went out and, I think, it was James II who came in," is there and sufficiently gauges Mr. Sumner's knowledge of history. On the whole it would seem better, until a debate can be arranged on a more even level of culture, and with the desire to do something more than score a point, that the whole question of a censorship of letters should be left solely for the printed word.

AT a recent gathering of the kind of people rather vaguely and fluctuantly called young intellectuals, or sophisticates, or civilized people, one of those present, who undoubtedly was young, even if his valid claims to be called intellectual, or civilized, were not strongly evident, was heard to say: "In my family, it is really not respectable to have been born legitimate." He was heard to say this because he said it at least three times, loudly. There was envy as well as appreciation in the applausive laughter the brilliant sally provoked. Other

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young sophisticates seemed to wish they had said it first. Perhaps the young wit, however, had really only taken his notion from the delectable Mr. Heywood Broun. In his review of a new play in which a wife presents her husband with a child by another man, Mr. Broun gleefully celebrates the fact that the play in question turns the matter into a ringing victory for the comic spirit. Words fail Mr. Broun in which to describe adequately his conception of the supreme merit of the play's treatment of this situation. His utterance becomes a sort of choral paean of joy. It reminds you of a cheer-leader at a football game when his side is winning. Indeed, Mr. Broun brings his vast experience as a reporter of football and pugilism into his effort to chant the praises of this "soul-rousing play in which the comic spirit achieves heroic proportions." "It is by no weak-kneed concession that comedy plunges through," writes Mr. Broun. "Man, moving through a broken field, need not topple when he is hit." "When the wife tells the husband that she has been untrue to him and that she is going to have a child, every tradition of the theatre and most of the traditions of life demand that tragedy should immediately stalk in and take charge of the proceedings . . . But on this particular occasion the comic spirit puts up its hands and fights for its life. It lashes out. Only a fine swinging punch can stop the inevitable, but that blow is delivered." (Biff! Tragedy is down. Traditions also. "Count them out!" Mr. Broun, as referee, counts them out.) "The victory is fair and palpable."

THAT would seem to be that. Now when adultery and illegitimacy are established by the comic spirit as its proper subject matter, not merely in the talk of the smoking room of a Pullman car, as the bootleg stuff is flowing, but on the legitimate stage, tragedy and tradition, and one supposes, the civilization of Christendom itself, may as well take a back seat. In the words of the young man quoted above, they can no longer be considered respectable. There remains, of course, the faint possibility that the young sophisticate, and even Mr. Heywood Broun, may be mistaken. But that's another story.

THERE are events occurring in the midst of others apparently much greater in importance which in reality have a value far above anything measurable by big headlines. The spiritual forces do not detonate like political struggles. The works of peace—the influences of good—have not the strident obviousness of the deeds of war, and the acts of evil. One of the most dangerous possibilities of depending upon newspaper reading for our impressions and knowledge of the way this bewildered world of ours is going is that the newspaper's chief emphasis is almost necessarily placed upon the disastrous, the menacing, the ugly, and the evil happenings of the day. Yet in the newspapers, too, there abound the evidences of the serener, the more hopeful, the really progressive things which prove that we do well to hope and still believe in the coming of better things, of peace on earth to men of good will.

SUCH an event was the success attained by the very remarkable Negro singer, Mr. Roland Hayes, who as an artist has reached a high place. The merit of Negro music has long been recognized. Its important influence as a factor in the development of American music is beyond question. But the emergence of an individual artist directs attention to the capacity of the race in a dramatic and effectual manner that mass-influence can scarcely accomplish. That Mr. Hayes should give to the institution which fostered his great gift, Fish University, the proceeds of his concert, is a deserved tribute on his part to the benefits which higher education is bestowing upon his race, and let it be added, upon the whole nation. As the Rev. James M. Gillis said recently in a lecture on the subject: "Illiteracy is the obstacle to the progress of the Negro and the cause of his inferiority. . . Encourage him, open the way to opportunity, help him to develop, and the so-called inferiority of the Negro will disappear. I believe some of the prejudice against the Negro is that of white men who fear that his development may make him equal mentally with themselves, or even superior." The whole solution of the Negro problem may not lie in education; but the hope for its solution, which means so much for the nation, is appreciably made stronger by such shining instances of the capacity of the Negro race as is furnished by Mr. Roland Hayes.

THERE are other, and far more powerful forces even than those of education and of art, which are affecting the progress of life, unnoticed by the world, and unrecorded in the press. The year draws near to its close. Before it passes, however, a new year has really begun—the year of the Church. Advent—the season of preparation for Christmas—begins in the million churches of Christendom, and in tens of millions of hearts, even as mid-winter approaches, and the year, weighted down by its burden of worry and woe, sinks to its grave. The words of the Gospel now, as for 2,000 years, are heard, repeating the great promise—Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My word shall not pass away. With penance for wrong-doing, and reparation, with prayer, self-denial and almsgiving, Christian people make ready for the day of days, Christmas, when the Child will be born again —the Child Who is the centre of the life of the world. Hearts are consoled, uneasy minds are calmed, souls become settled and strong. New tides of power flow through the world. The world may not pay heed, but the world will benefit.

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ON PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS

MR. ROSSITER JOHNSON, the historian, and well-known author of voluminous works, apparently is not satisfied with the answer given by the Supreme Court of the United States, and by the supreme courts of many of the individual states, to the question whether or not private schools, including those conducted by religious bodies, are lawful, legitimate, and in accordance with the spirit of American principles. Perhaps he is annoyed because the people of the state of Michigan recently voted so overwhelmingly against a proposal to amend the constitution of that state so that a law might be passed abolishing private, including parochial, schools. At any rate, Mr. Johnson has proposed, in a newspaper letter, that there should be, "one grand drive—apparently never thought of—which would be of more use to the country than all the others and might in the end be the salvation of the Republic." This drive should be "for the abolition of all parochial schools, of whatever denominations, perhaps transferring to the treasuries of the churches the money that is now expended on them."

Mr. Johnson goes on to say that "at present we could not organize such a drive, but when we become wise enough and bold enough let us do it." The reason he gives is that when he was a young man he was shocked by seeing little Jews, who attended a Jewish school, and little Catholics, who attended a Catholic school, fighting in the streets, "when there was absolutely nothing at issue but the difference in religion. I think neither of those schools should have existed, for the simple fact that segregation inevitably suggests to the pupils an idea of some necessary antagonism. They should have been educated all together in a public school."

It would seem that Mr. Rossiter Johnson is not aware of the fact that fisticuffs among boys is not an uncommon occurrence in public schools, or colleges, or in most places where boys mix together—and where they also mix things up, in the pugilistic sense.

Singularly enough, however, considering the great advantages which Mr. Johnson attributes to exclusive public school education, he does not suggest the abolition of other types of private schools.

It may be, as Dr. Edward A. Pace recently reminded his hearers in an address in Washington, that it was because the very men who wrote the American Constitution were the product of private schools that they did not consider it necessary to lay down the principle that all children, willy-nilly, helter-skelter, must be educated by compulsion in the public schools of the state. Doubtless, the fathers of the Constitution may be considered benighted individuals, born far before the time when the true light of 100 percent Americanism became apparent. Still, as yet, it has not been denied that they were intelligent men, that they showed great political wisdom, and were loyal to their country, and, for their time and generation at least, genuine Americans. "If, as we claim, the Constitution of the United States is one of the best of all the foundations that men have laid for the building of a nation," Dr. Pace comments, "we cannot withhold the tribute we owe to those who produced it and to the education which made them capable of such an achievement."

Dr. Pace also believes that despite the changes made under the Constitution, the essential spirit of our government and of every genuine American is what it was in 1787. He goes on to say that even the amendments to the Constitution which from time to time have been found necessary are manifestly intended to promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty. And no enactment by any state, no decision on the part of any court, would be constitutional if it did not aim at establishing justice and insuring domestic tranquility. Among the blessings of liberty, at least as Dr. Pace and many millions of other Americans reckon them, must surely be counted the right of parents to educate their children. Indeed, to more than a few Americans it is not only a right but a duty, a sacred obligation laid upon them by their Creator. They feel that it is antecedent to all laws and constitutions, needing no amendment, impossible to abolish.

"It is true there is no specific mention of education in the Constitution," said Dr. Pace, and thus, he added, "it does not reserve to the federal government the control of education, nor does it attribute such control to the states."

"It is quite possible," he continued, "that those men (the framers) deemed it wiser to leave the citizen free in the exercise of his natural right. . . . Doubtless, too, they considered that the schools and colleges then existing—all under private control—had trained up a body of fairly good patriots. The fact that these institutions had been founded by churches and had made religion an essential part of their teaching, did not impair their efficiency or unfit them for the work of educating freemen."

"As to the spirit of the Constitution," he concluded, "the matter is perfectly clear. For that spirit aims to secure every citizen of the country in the enjoyment of the fullest freedom compatible with the rights of others. It must certainly tend to safeguard the rights of those schools in which respect for authority and obedience to law are inculcated as moral obligations imposed by God and sanctioned by conscience."

The very wide difference between Mr. Rossiter Johnson and Dr. Edward A. Pace, as shown in these utterances, which were given to the public at about the same time, would indicate a very serious cleavage among American thinkers, were it not that the suspicion is strong that Mr. Rossiter Johnson, in this matter, does not represent anything save an eccentric and thoroughly un-American point of view. There is no present likelihood it will be accepted, save by a few scattered individuals, mostly Nordiculous people, obsessed by the worship of state autocracy.

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A CHALLENGE TO MR. CHAPMAN

By RALPH ADAMS CRAM

November 25, 1924.

John Jay Chapman, Esq.,
Barrytown, N. Y.

My dear Mr. Chapman:

You confuse me hopelessly, and I hardly know where I stand, under the circumstances. A few days ago one of the Board of Overseers of Harvard University sent me a copy of your speech on Harvard and its new Graduate School of Business Administration. I read this with such feelings of gratification, such a conviction that here at least was one who dared to come forward not only in a just and conclusive criticism, but with a profound sense of the fundamentals of university training, that I was prompted to write you at once and express my gratitude and my admiration.

On the day I purposed writing you, I received directly from you a copy of an open letter you have addressed to the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Massachusetts in his capacity as one of the Board of Overseers of Harvard University. In this letter you protest with your usual vigor and incisiveness, against the election of a Roman Catholic as a Fellow of Harvard University. In this letter you take occasion to make some of the most extraordinary, and in my opinion absurd and unfounded, statements and accusations that I have ever come in contact with outside the lucubrations of the K. K. K. It is for this reason that I say that you confuse me hopelessly. After reading your speech on the Business College, I felt prepared to fight under your banner to the last. Now I feel that it is equally my duty to stand against you with equal determination.

Will you, not only for my own information but for that of others in a like position, state explicitly where and when the Roman Curia, or any other official body of the Roman Catholic Church, has declared it to be its "outspoken purpose . . . to control American education?" Although I am not a Roman Catholic, I happen to know something about this Church, and something about its system and practice of education. I do formally challenge you to show cause for making your amazing statement. For my own part, I deny it explicitly.

Apart from your categorical charges, I find myself still more puzzled by your position. My knowledge of the colleges in the United States under Roman Catholic control, and of the parochial schools, is that the principles that control their schemes of education, the educational methods there pursued, and the results obtained, come much nearer being the sort of education you yourself have pled for in your Harvard speech than do the non-Catholic colleges and public schools of this country. I repeat, I speak on this matter from the standpoint of one who has come in contact with these Roman Catholic colleges and schools, and I gravely doubt whether you can say the same for yourself.

You say that "liberalism presupposes free discussion," yet it clearly appears to me that you argue precisely against this, for, on the assumption that it is the "outspoken purpose of the Roman Church to control American education," you insist that, "the presence of a Roman Catholic on the governing board of a non-Catholic college or school makes it impossible for the board to discuss this great issue frankly." Of course I deny your premise, but if for the sake of argument we were to admit it to be true, then apparently your position is that the question should be "discussed" not between Catholics and non-Catholics, but solely by the latter; in other words, that the Court should be "packed" and a judgment rendered with the accused party unheard.

Once more, I repeat, you confuse me hopelessly. I cannot reconcile your two pronouncements, nor harmonize the latter with the breadth and soundness of judgment you have heretofore exhibited in so many fields. The only explanation is that you have been curiously misinformed, and that even as you urge in the case of Harvard University, you yourself have disregarded the sound advice "audi alteram partem." May I urge you to accept, let us say, an invitation from Notre Dame University and from any one of the priests of my acquaintance who maintain parochial schools, in order that you may see the actual facts in the case, and so honorably withdraw from what I must hold to be an untenable position?

As your communication to Bishop Lawrence was an open letter, I am taking the liberty of sending a copy of this to the editor of The Commonweal.

(*Signed*) RALPH ADAMS CRAM.

Editor's Note—It may be stated that on the day Mr. John Jay Chapman's letter to Bishop Lawrence appeared in the newspapers, The Commonweal wrote to Mr. Chapman offering to open its pages to any evidence which he could present that the Roman Curia or the official representatives of the Catholic Church in the United States had ever declared it to be the "outspoken purpose" of the Church to "control American education." The Commonweal has not heard from Mr. Chapman. Its offer still stands.

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TORRES—FIRST PAN-AMERICANIST

By R. DANA SKINNER

THE news that after fifty years of search, the burial place of Manuel Torres has been discovered in the Philadelphia churchyard of St. Mary's, revivifies a personality of singular force, acumen, and influence upon our early history. Torres, the revolutionary exile from Colombia, Torres, the first Latin-American diplomat to receive official recognition in Washington, Torres the visionary who conceived the principle of the Monroe Doctrine thirty-five years before we ourselves adopted it—this is the man whom our histories of Pan-Americanism have unaccountably neglected and whose very grave had been obscured until a few weeks ago.

Now, fortunately, plans are afoot to erect a memorial to him—not alone as a talented man and a preëminent Colombian, but as the symbol of that great community of aspiration, struggle and achievement which has bound together the dissimilar continents of North and South America and made them, in effect, one. His was a life of tenacious idealism, of bold dreams and of practical accomplishments, a life rich in romance, frustrations, tireless zeal and triumphant purpose. He was a man who could command the confidence of the fiery Simon Bolívar and the utmost respect of the cool and caustic John Quincy Adams—nothing less than the simultaneous conquest of the tropics and of polar seas!

You will find but scant mention of Torres in the text-books. So far as I know (and my inquiries have pierced a good many quarters) there is no portrait of him in this country, no description even of the physical man. What little we know of his life must be pieced together from musty old newspapers, a few state documents and the memoirs of John Quincy Adams. Yet that is enough to make the picture vivid and, to an extent, amazing.

He was born in 1765, and educated at the famous military school of Soret. His uncle, Don Antonio Cabellero y Góngara, was the Spanish Vice-Roy and Bishop of the region now comprising Colombia and Venezuela. Yet these influences did not force Torres into vice-regal stodginess. In fact, as he later told an American friend, "it was to his excellent military education, and the benevolent care of this excellent viceroy," that he "attributed the formation of his own character," and "owed all those principles which taught him to set the proper value on what is called nobility, and to love liberty and be a republican."

He had, in fact, just turned twenty-two years when the enthusiasm for American independence and republicanism seized him. His impetuous temperament forbade delay. He discovered that factional troubles and suspicion of his motives thwarted him at every turn. Yet he laid his plans carefully, and in correspondence with other radical young creoles entered at once "into measures which had for their object the emancipation of South America and the formation of a vast confederacy of free states, having a common character and reciprocal relations throughout the new world."

This was in 1787—which means that only twelve years after the beginning of our own revolution, a full twenty-three years before the first real revolt of the Spanish colonies, and no less than thirty-six years before President Monroe defied Europe, there were men of vigor and influence in Latin America who sensed intimately the need of a Pan-American system apart from European intrigue. It is the earliest known expression of the Pan-American idea, and unquestionably gives to this South American group and to Torres particularly the distinction of originating a policy which has endured for more than a century.

Local disturbances and the discovery of the republican plot compelled Torres to leave Colombia in 1796. He had the excellent practical sense to come at once to the United States, and to settle in Philadelphia in the hope of uniting Latin vision with North American executive ability. Here he promptly acquired the fast friendship of Col. William Duane, the fiery editor of the "Aurora," who opened the paper's columns to him prodigally. From that day to his death, Torres wrote and labored either directly, or through Duane as his mouth-piece, for the moral unity of the two Americas and for their united resistance to the encroachments of European monarchies. To Torres, Duane tells us, "all the agents from all sections of South America resorted, as to the Franklin of the southern world."

Torres's chief practical mission became, of course, the winning of official recognition by the United States of Colombian independence. Our policy throughout those years of Latin-American struggle was singularly unmarked by spontaneous enthusiasm. At best it was a cool and benevolent neutrality. Not until Henry Clay, toward 1818, discovered the political and oratorical possibilities of riding "the South American high horse" did we evince anything approaching zeal for neighbors who were doing nothing less than to follow our own example. But Torres refused to nurse discouragement. He clung tenaciously to his written propaganda, and reinforced it with official letters to our State Department. It is in one of these that we find that remarkable statement which urged the very course of action later adopted by Monroe. A part of this letter, written two years before the Monroe Doctrine, is worth quoting verbatim—

> The emancipation of all the Spanish American states—

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with upwards of eleven millions of souls—has given a new importance to the new world; and now they are no more afraid of the machinations of the Holy Alliance to keep America dependent upon Europe and to prevent the establishment of free governments. There has occurred a project long since formed to establish a monarch in Mexico on purpose to favor the views of the Holy Alliance in the new world; this is a new reason which ought to determine the President of the United States *no longer to delay a measure which will naturally establish an American alliance capable of counteracting the projects of the European powers, and of protecting our republican institutions.* [Italics the author's.]

But Torres did not live to see the full result of his work—the proclamation of a Doctrine that has governed the western hemisphere for one hundred years. What he did win was the crowning distinction of being the first Latin-American to receive official recognition at Washington. Yet the news of even his splendid moral victory reached him only on his death bed. Twenty-five years of seemingly hopeless struggle had shattered his physical frame.

Col. Duane was with Torres in Philadelphia at the time, and has left us this poignant story. When Torres's friends advised against his going to Washington, saying that the trip would endanger his life, he replied—"Well—I have devoted thirty-five years to this object—I have lived for nothing else—and can I hesitate to consummate the last act that compensates all I have undergone?"

To the suggestion that he might do his duty without actually risking his life, Torres countered—"If I go off, I shall do what men who have rendered a great service to their country should do—defeat envy and prevent ingratitude by my *retirement.*"

He thereupon made the painful journey to Washington, where the Secretary of State, John Quincy Adams, presented him officially to President Monroe on June 19, 1822.

Adams tells us in his diary that Monroe made Torres sit down by him and spoke to him with a kindness "which moved him even to tears." The democratic simplicity of this little scene, which marked in fact the real union of the two new worlds, is stuff worthy of a dramatist's labor. But it passed almost unnoticed by the preoccupied American press. The watchful Niles Register did report, however, that "Mr. Torres was received by the President on Wednesday last as Chargé d'Affaires of the Republic of Colombia. He is a most excellent man, one of the most enlightened of his own or any other country."

A few weeks later he died. At the very moment when events in Europe were stretching to the heights of folly, and the destinies of the two Americas ran perilously, new-world republicanism lost its most brilliant champion. His indomitable spirit, however, became our own. He has lived to this day in the ringing words of Monroe.

Though we have only now re-discovered his burial place, it still is true that at his funeral the civil, military and naval authorities of Philadelphia united spontaneously to pay him his last honors. It was a magnificent tribute to the unification of the new world embodied in the life of one man. Even today one can understand neither the strength nor the persistency of the ideal inspiring the Monroe Doctrine, nor its grip upon American life, nor the forces driving us steadily toward its fuller development, who has not known something of the life work, the quiet faith and the unhesitating self-sacrifice of Don Manuel Torres.

M. HERRIOT AND THE CHURCH

By ERNEST DIMNET

ON May 11, 1924, the French Radicals defeated, at the General Election, the Bloc National, that is to say, the only actively Catholic majority that had held office since 1877. The French Radicals, with their pacifism and semi-Socialist notions concerning the relations of capital and labor, add to their political ideas an antipathy for the Catholic Church such as characterizes the Ku Klux Klan. As a matter of fact, 225 in 584 deputies in the new Chamber are affiliated to the French Masonry, which is not only anti-Catholic but decidedly atheistic in tendency.

Although this fact was well known, and although every Frenchman remembers that the chief plank in the Radicals' platform has always been anti-clericalism, there was considerable surprise in the country when M. Herriot's inaugural message to the Chambers, beginning with three statements of an anti-religious character, was published.

The first of these was the so-called impossibility of continuing the Embassy to the Vatican, on the ground that it is contrary to the neutrality involved in the Separation of Church and State. This, in M. Herriot's, or his inspirers' opinion, indirectly meant the recall from Paris of the Nuncio, Archbishop Cerretti, who, a few months ago, was accused by M. Francois Albert, a journalist now in the Cabinet as Minister of Education, of interfering in French politics. Another consequence was the abandonment, just when they were about to be successful, of the negotiations between Paris and the Vatican concerning the Diocesan Associations and the restoration to the Church of a large fraction of her former property.

The message went on with a decision to endorse

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once more the law of 1901 on the religious orders, the regular operation of which had been suspended, on August 2, 1914, to the satisfaction of all reasonable Frenchmen. In consequence, the many religious orders which, taking advantage of the lull, had returned to their former convents or had bought or rented houses in their vicinity, would be compelled once more to disperse. Since June, when the message was issued, we have been treated more than once to the sophism that the Associations law—to which the law on religious orders is but an appendix—was passed to help the development of personality, whereas the religious associations negative the rights of the individual. But only resolutely blind people can overlook the fact that the Vincentians, Trappists, missionaries, Sisters of Charity, etc., who are also supposed to absorb the individual into the community are, nevertheless, duly authorized by the French government.

Third and last, M. Herriot calmly announced his intention to extend the French legislation to the recovered provinces of Alsace and Lorraine. This, of course, may apply to a number of laws, some of which are agreeable, though many of which are also disagreeable to the natives of these provinces, but it was interpreted as primarily meaning the introduction of the laws of 1901 on religious orders, and of 1905 on the separation of Church and State, into Alsace and Lorraine. The consequences were in the first place that the Ribeauville nuns, who conduct most of the primary schools in Alsace, and to whose patriotism the survival of the French language during the fifty years of German occupation was largely due, would have to give up teaching; in the second place, that the Concordat would be denounced in Alsace and Lorraine, as it was in the rest of France in 1905, and the various denominations would henceforth be ignored by the State. The immediate conclusion was that the ministers of religion, Protestant and Jewish as well as Catholic, would no longer receive any salary from the State and would not be allowed to enter the schools any longer.

This is what the opening section of M. Herriot's message meant. Let us now examine the chances of its being put into effect or resisted. With regard to the Embassy to the Vatican—the importance of which never seemed to me to be sufficiently realized in America—resistance can only come from the Chambers, but it is pretty sure to arise there. The reëstablishment of the Embassy was ardently wished for by Catholics, but it would never have been brought about had it not been for Radicals like M. Briand, M. de Monzie or M. Weiller, a Jew, who emphasized its necessity from the purely national point of view. The recent appointment of an English prelate to succeed the Patriarch of Jerusalem, with the many possibilities it evidently opens, is one of numerous facts showing how ill-advised France would be to absent herself from the Vatican when her traditional influence in the East is at issue. M. Herriot may dread public discussion on this point enough to suppress the Embassy, as it was restored—that is, by a mere decree.

The enforcement of the law against religious orders has never been popular, but as it left the general action of the Church unhampered, it has not been enough to rouse the electorate so far. It may be different now. This recurrence of what is justly called persecution, coming at the very moment when deserters and dangerous revolutionists are amnestied and welcomed, puzzles everybody, and irritates not a few. M. Herriot is apparently anxious to be at peace with the whole world, except the most respected section of his own countrymen. There are far more protests from the municipalities than there were in 1901 and during the following years, and the Church herself is showing signs of more resolution than she ever showed in the past. The reason is plain. In 1901 the separation of Church and State had not yet taken place; bishops and priests were still in the pay, that is to say, in the power of the government. Since then, the necessity of defending their existence has compelled Catholics to organize. The entirely admirable letter of the cardinals to M. Herriot has already been endorsed by more than half of the hierarchy and by hundreds of lay associations. Priests and religious who were in the war have formed powerful groups, the voice of which will not easily be drowned. One of them, Abbé Bergey, now a member of the Chamber of Deputies, devotes his whole activity to the extension of a League of Catholic Defense, which had no parallel in the past. As the cardinals said, in a tone of perfect self-possession, what Catholics want is nothing short of the repeal of an iniquitous legislation, and if, as they also said, war is declared against them, they will reluctantly but resolutely accept the necessity to fight.

Will this be done or will the flocks be satisfied with their pastors' protests? This the near future will show. The absence of an exceedingly peace-loving nuncio, voicing the naturally calming advice of Rome, will certainly not help the designs of the government. On the other hand, a religious war, no matter how legitimate, is inevitably fruitful in misunderstandings worse than the fighting itself.

The chief chance for peace lies in the extreme difficulty which M. Herriot will find in imposing his will on Alsace and Lorraine. Solemn promises of religious freedom were made to these provinces by Joffre and Clemenceau, recently corroborated by M. Millerand and M. Poincaré. These promises can not be wiped out, and the remarkable organization of the Catholics in Alsace and Lorraine, as well as their agreement with other sects on important points, will make it impossible for the government to act as if they did not exist. It is true that the municipalities of Strassbourg, Colmar, Mulhouse and practically all the chief towns, being Socialist, are in favor of the government, but against them several hundred smaller communities are solid. This is not all. Twenty-one in twenty-four

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deputies from Alsace and Lorraine declare what is the truth—that their French patriotism is above suspicion, but they will raise against the anti-religious legislation the same protests which their predecessors of 1871 raised against the making over of their country to Prussia. The effect of this, coupled with inevitable disturbance, would be to give an extraordinary chance to anti-French propaganda in America, as well as in Europe. M. Herriot, no matter how badly advised by his party, will hardly take this risk, and all his utterances, subsequent to his unfortunate message, have pointed to some compromise.

But perhaps M. Herriot will not have to look for circuitous ways himself. His financial promises have been so rash that he may not be able to redeem them, and his fall may be the consequence. His successor would almost inevitably be M. Briand, and is not M. Briand the perfect master of compromise?

THE IRISH BOUNDARY QUESTION

By C. P. CURRAN

THE northern boundary question for the moment dominates all others in Ireland and upon its issue depend the proximate developments of Irish politics. Proximate, I say advisedly, because this boundary difficulty is neither basic nor native and though it may retard, it will not obviate the ultimate event. This frontier which arbitrarily divides six Irish counties from twenty-six is not basic, in as much as it was determined by no vote, and by no economic or geographic consideration affecting the several populations; it is an improvised scaffolding on the face of the national structure, run up in 1920 as a temporary, English political expedient. It is not an inherent, native difficulty because the problem the frontier purports to meet is of English creation and maintenance and the attempted solution was applied by the two great English parties during the Anglo-Irish war when Westminster was a repudiated authority. None the less this disastrous legacy from a past régime has attracted to itself all the unstable, disintegrating elements in politics and there lurk behind it the whole question of Anglo-Irish relations and the very existence of the Treaty of 1921, as in the United States the graver issue of Union was disclosed in the slavery controversy.

To vindicate an essential principle of democratic government and to maintain unpalatable but necessary clauses in that Treaty the Irish Free State defended itself in arms against a powerful, insurgent minority. In blood and tears former comrades-in-arms of the Anglo-Irish war shot each other down. Michael Collins, Erskine Childers and one may say Arthur Griffith were part of the earnest money so paid. The cost of that civil war in terms of disillusion is incalculable. A few months before and the mounting tides of idealism seemed to wash the stars. Unjustified pessimism followed an unreasonable optimism and much now appears impracticable to those who then thought all things possible. In terms of money such treasure was wasted as will postpone for ten years those urgent humane and cultural enterprises upon which the best Irishmen had set their brains and hearts. All this to implement on the Irish side the Treaty ratified by Dail Eireann. Neither Michael Collins nor Arthur Griffith nor any of the Free State government would have accepted these unpalatable clauses if they were not necessary to gain the adhesion of four Ulster counties and secure Irish unity through the operation of Clause 12. With impressive unanimity the English co-signatories to the Treaty are at the moment endeavoring to evade the operation of this clause. Lest this seem the hard saying of the hard-faced propagandist it is necessary to go in some detail into the terms of this clause and its circumstances.

In Ulster where the last census shows a population, 65.6% Unionist and 34.4% Nationalist, the terms Catholic and Nationalist, Protestant and Unionist, are roughly identical though it is also true that while no Catholics are Unionist, a proportion of Protestants, negligible neither in intellect or numbers is Nationalist. From 1912 the Ulster Unionists banded themselves in covenant to resist by all means the application of self-government to any part of Ulster. Later they threw over as an impossible burden three Ulster counties with Nationalist majorities ranging from 75% to 81% but maintained their claim to exclude from Irish self-government the counties of Tyrone and Fermanagh which have also had Nationalist majorities continuously from at least 1861. The Unionist opposition to the Home Rule Bill of 1912 was successful and in 1920 they secured the passing of a Government of Ireland Act which devolved upon six Ulster counties, thenceforward inaccurately called Northern Ireland, certain of the lesser functions of government including a subordinate and strictly limited legislature. This legislature with other limitations had no power to make treaties and little fiscal authority. Its constituencies continue to send representatives to Westminster which retains the right of concurrent legislation. The same instrument purported to establish a similar entity called Southern Ireland with a similar devolved authority but Dail Eireann being then as now de facto and de jure master of this area effectively nullified the English Act in this regard. In December, 1921 the Treaty was signed constituting the whole of Ireland the Irish Free State on an equality with England in the

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British Commonwealth and the Treaty was ratified by Dale Eireann and by the British Parliament to which the northern legislature was expressly subordinate and in which the six counties were represented. Clause 12 gave to the northern parliament the option of remaining in the Irish Free State with its existing area and powers intact, substituting the authority of Ireland for the authority of Westminster or of voting itself out. In the latter event a Commission of three members, each nominated by the three interested parties was to determine its boundary "in accordance with the wishes of the inhabitants, so far as may be compatible with economic and geographic conditions." The procedure it will be seen, was to be one of secession from an all-Ireland state, the area of secession to be determined by the stated considerations.

The northern parliament exercised the option conferred on it under the first part of Clause 12 and voted itself out but refused to discharge the mandatory second part naming its Commissioner. This refusal has led after much fruitless negotiations to the introduction at Westminster on September 30 of a bill empowering the Boundary Commission to proceed with two members only, Mr. Justice Feetham, a South African judge and Englishman nominated by the British Government and Mr. Eoin Macneill, Minister of Education and Ulsterman nominated by the Irish Free State.

But a much more serious position has been created —one wholly subversive of the Treaty—by the theory next advanced by Belfast with a very general and active English support that the words already quoted— "shall determine in accordance with the wishes of the inhabitants so far as may be compatible with economic and geographic conditions the boundaries between Northern Ireland and the rest of Ireland" imply a mere rectification of an existing frontier and not the ascertainment and definition of new areas by plebiscite and the consideration of the economic factors. The Belfast theory would limit the operation of the Commission to a simple straightening out by the exchange of one parish for another along the present border. The Irish Free State contention is that the Treaty requires a plebiscite in the border counties of Tyrone, Fermanagh, Derry and Armagh which would result not merely in the exchange of border parishes but in the return to the Irish Free State of large areas in these counties. The partitionists fear that such a plebiscite fairly taken would result in the reduction of "Northern Ireland" to the comparatively insignificant area of Belfast and its economic hinterland. This fear gave birth to this theory.

The dispute has been raised to the level of an international quarrel by the extraordinary attitude of the English signatories to the Treaty in the attempt to force a pre-judged conclusion upon the Commission and to alter and limit their terms of reference. In the last resort the construction of the disputed clause and the implementing of the Treaty are matters for the interpretation and decision of some impartial tribunal. The Treaty has been registered by the League of Nations and this fact suggests the nature of the proper tribunal. Such an issue is still remote. But precedents and indications of the true construction exist both in the Treaty of Versailles and in contemporary statements of English as well as Irish signatories. It can be pointed out that Clause 12 reproduces in almost identical terms a form of words employed in the Versailles Treaty. Frontier questions are the commonplace of European politics and the Versailles Treaty makes provision for no less than three in the words of the Irish Treaty—the case of Upper Silesia, Article 88; of East Prussia, Article 95 and of Sleswig, Articles 109, 110. The Silesian plebiscite actually occupied the public attention at the period of the Irish Treaty negotiations and it would equally be puerile to contend that the textual resemblance is accidental or that these cases do not confirm the Irish view. In the Silesian instance the Irish case is fortified by Lord Balfour's interpretation which stresses—"ez fer away ez Silesia is"—the dominant importance of the wishes of the population affected. There are also on record statements by two chief signatories to the Treaty— Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Birkenhead made in the month of signature. Mr. Lloyd George admits that the majority of the people of Tyrone and Fermanagh plainly prefer being with their southern neighbors and protests against any coercion restraining them from their desire. Lord Birkenhead similarly protests against the continuance of a frontier which made it possible for Belfast to suppress the popularly elected bodies in mid-Tyrone who protested against Belfast domination. These statements were made immediately after the signature in order to ensure the ratification of the Treaty by Dail Eireann which in any other belief would infallibly have rejected it. The Treaty was ratified and these gentlemen in addition to other co-signatories have since, under the pressure of partisan exigencies and of traditional English policy, been busy eating their words. In particular Sir L. Worthington Evans, a signatory, urges the violation of the Treaty. On September 26 he said:

"If by any chance the Commissioners felt themselves at liberty to order the transfer of one of these counties, no British Government would be guilty of the supreme folly of trying to enforce such a decision upon the Ulster people."

That, at the moment of writing, is the latest and most illuminating word in the wide-spread attempt that is in progress in England to stampede Mr. Feetham into this singular view of his Commission and of English responsibility for the execution of its decision. Beyond introducing the bill empowering the Commission the former Labor government had not shown its hand and waited on events. But Lord Balfour, Lord Grey,

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Lloyd George, Birkenhead, Baldwin, the leaders of the two older English parties together with the Press Barons have all rallied in support of this subversive construction with, as I have said, that truly impressive unanimity which unites England against Ireland in continuance of its traditional policy of maintaining somewhere in Ireland a Pale—a spear-head whose shaft lies in London. The Treaty was to have broken this tradition. But now doubt and suspicion is again deep-seated in the minds of the Irish government and people. The Irish government is willing and anxious to concede the northern parliament every vestige of its present powers and area, if in the other fields of government it collaborates in an all-Ireland parliament instead of a British Parliament. Along this line runs the best hope of a friendly and satisfactory solution. Alternatively it demands that the Treaty be fulfilled and that its own people in the North should not be coerced under an arbitrary authority but should be given that liberty of choice which the Treaty provides. If bad faith prevents an honest arbitrament of the dispute along the lines of the first alternative or of the Treaty there will be such a swift and quiet re-adjustment and re-orientation of parties in Ireland as will modify its present status and relationship to England and fundamentally disturb the Treaty.

POLAND STABILIZED

By CHARLES PHILLIPS

I received a letter a short time ago from a friend in Poland. I was in Montana at the time. "Poland," he wrote, "has at last stabilized her finances —done forever with the old paper mark, the worst war-legacy Germany left us—and has put her own national coinage into circulation. The little coppers that I shall spend to purchase postage stamps for this letter are real Anaconda coppers straight from your Montana."

No American interested in the stabilizing of Europe can find in the history of recent months any more significant item that this concerning the financial reorganization of Poland; significant because on Poland, the great buffer state of the continent, the whole peace of Europe depends. Napoleon recognized this a century ago, and the fact which he stated then, that Poland is "the keystone of Europe," still remains true. Certainly if Poland goes wrong, Europe goes wrong. A prosperous, financially sound Poland means a peaceful Poland. A peaceful Poland means a peaceful Europe.

While many things of interest are going on in Poland at the present moment, many things indicating the steady development of a healthy normal life (plus, of course, a few growing pains)—school building, road construction, trade expansion, increasing exports—the most important of all is this stabilizing of her currency. The story of how this has been done makes what the book-critics call "an intriguing chapter" in the record of the new Europe.

It is an old story, after all; the story of a "man of the hour." His name is Grabski, Premier and Minister of Finance. He is just one more of that race of born leaders who, through all the centuries of civilization, have risen up at crucial periods, stepped in to fill a fatal breach, and saved the state. Paderewski did it, in 1918, when no other but a commanding non-partisan figure such as his could work the miracle of drawing the partitioned parts of his nation together. Mussolini did it in Italy in 1921. Grabski has done it as they did it, by the simple process of knowing his own strength and exacting full freedom to use it. When he became Prime Minister of the Polish Republic a year ago he demanded but one thing of his country—the authority to perform a major operation on her body economic in order to save her life. "Give me a free hand for six months," he said, "and I will restore Poland to financial health."

What Prime Minister Grabski of Poland has accomplished during the past year is a sort of a double miracle, a moral and a physical miracle. For one thing he has demonstrated to the world, and to the Poles themselves, that the Polish people, after more than a century of political paralysis, are capable of self-government in its highest form—which is self-sacrifice; capable of united action, after 150 years of partitions and separation. That is the moral miracle. And that it is no half-hearted miracle is demonstrated by the fact that the extraordinary powers granted Grabski have now been extended a second six months, in order to permit him to complete his great task. The physical miracle is this: from a country on the last verge of bankruptcy he has changed Poland to a state with an international credit strong enough to keep its money in the hundred percent list on the world market. He has put an end to printing press finance in Poland, the bane of all Europe today, the evil that has destroyed Germany. He has wiped the disastrous "pol-mark" out of existence, given his people a standard gold-basis, and put their national currency into circulation. And the physical miracle has its distinct moral value, too. The effect of such a metamorphosis as this is incalculable. For the first time since their restoration to statehood in 1918 the Polish people feel that they are really a part of the world's economic family.

Naturally, such a change in a country's internal affairs has not been brought about without considerable embarrassment and even distress. There have been business failures and a credit stringency sufficient

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to alarm even the less timorous. But when one examines the situation he finds that affairs are not in such bad shape as they seem. The older established institutions have stood the strain. Mostly it has been the "mushroom" banks and credit houses that have gone under; and to take their place there is the new State Bank, established, without a penny of foreign help, by a greatly oversubscribed popular bond issue. Industry has suffered; mines and mills (except the Silesian coal mines, working overtime to fill orders) have been forced to run on short time, or in some cases to shut down altogether. Credit interest has risen to such a point that the government has had to regulate the rate. Agriculture has felt the pinch of low prices for field products. But at the same time the price of food has been gradually reduced. On the whole the interference with normal economic life, the crisis resulting from the currency revolution, has been only natural, and not of any such dimensions as was feared.

For the moment the Poles' best return from Grabski's daring venture is the moral effect of the change; the material profits will accrue to them in time. Meanwhile, they are haunted no longer by the dead, the ghostly mark, last grim spectre of their days of subjugation. They know now that every cent of money in circulation in their country is real money; that every banknote they handle is backed by a gold reserve. They know that their zloty—such their new coinage is called, after the Polish word for gold—is really worth the same as the gold French franc—19.3 cents. They know that their national budget is balanced, that their state monopolies are already yielding a profit of millions of zlotys per month—which profit is not being spent, but held in reserve. They know that their new State Bank, instead of protecting note issues with a 30 percent reserve; is conservatively sticking to a 60 percent reserve. And they are proud of the fact, too, that they are not only paying interest in cash regularly and even ahead of time on their United States debt, but that that debt (about $160,000,000) is in process of refunding. During the past year some two and a half million dollars in gold has also been paid to America for the railway locomotives purchased here in 1919.

I can imagine the little thrill of satisfaction my Warsaw friend enjoys when he buys his evening paper now "with Montana copper;" copper, by the way, stamped into Polish coin at the Philadelphia mint. (Some ten million dollars' worth of this coin has already been delivered by us on our Warsaw contract.) And even if that evening paper does tell of the arrest of a Russian Soviet trade delegate caught peddling Bolshevik propaganda destined for the mine workers of Silesia; or of the tireless activities of the Communists in the Polish Diet who stop at nothing; no matter, I think he still smiles, and thinks of Grabski, and turns to the financial page to read the quotations of zlotys —still holding their place in the exclusive par list on the world's money market.

BOOK NOTES

Loves and Losses of Pierrot, by William Griffith. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

THIS charming little collection continues the song sequence that William Griffith first undertook some years ago. He adopts the sweetness of his original songs to the silver locks of the aging Pierrot with some added touch of sorrow among the tinkling chords like the undertone of some old zithern. The sum of this comes out clearly in the lovely lines:

Surgeon, cut deep
Into my soul:
Put me to sleep
And make me whole.
Repair and rinse
My soiled desire:
Lance—lance the sins,
Burn them with fire.

Surgeon, cut deep
Into my heart:
As the knives creep,
Find the bad part.
Purge me of lust,
Fickleness, doubt,
And at one thrust
Take despair out.

Surgeon, cut deep
Into the place
Where we each keep
Only one face.
Cut down my pride
Close to the sod.
Dead—Say he died
Playing with God.

Fucini's Novelle e Poesie, edited by Henry Furst. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. $1.50.

DR. Furst has published in this little volume a highly interesting introduction to the stories and poems of Renato Fucini (1843-1921), which won him the praises of such varied and discriminating critics as Manzoni, D'Annunzio, Fogazzaro, Verga and Croce. The exquisite technique concealed in the apparent simplicity of some of these rustic tales is well elucidated in the notes and vocabulary of the Pisan dialect.

Spain Today, by Frank B. Deakin, New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

IT seems that we have reached a period when the sound of the twanging guitar, the fair face at the window, and the shapely toreador are to be laid away in the discard: the brutalities of the bull-ring, the cruelties of the old Inquisition, the well-advertised vices of the clergy, apparently can no longer satisfy the appetites of our all too-pious publishers. It is indeed, a controversial subject to discuss what Mr. Deakin calls the "hand-in-glove work of the State and the Roman Catholic Church in contemporary Spain." He tells us in his preface that he prefers to avoid this subject as far as possible—yet we cannot fail to remark that he practises this discretion but poorly, for continually he hands tiny slaps at the Spanish churchmen, which if gathered together into one honest knock, would constitute what he really means, which is a grand slam.

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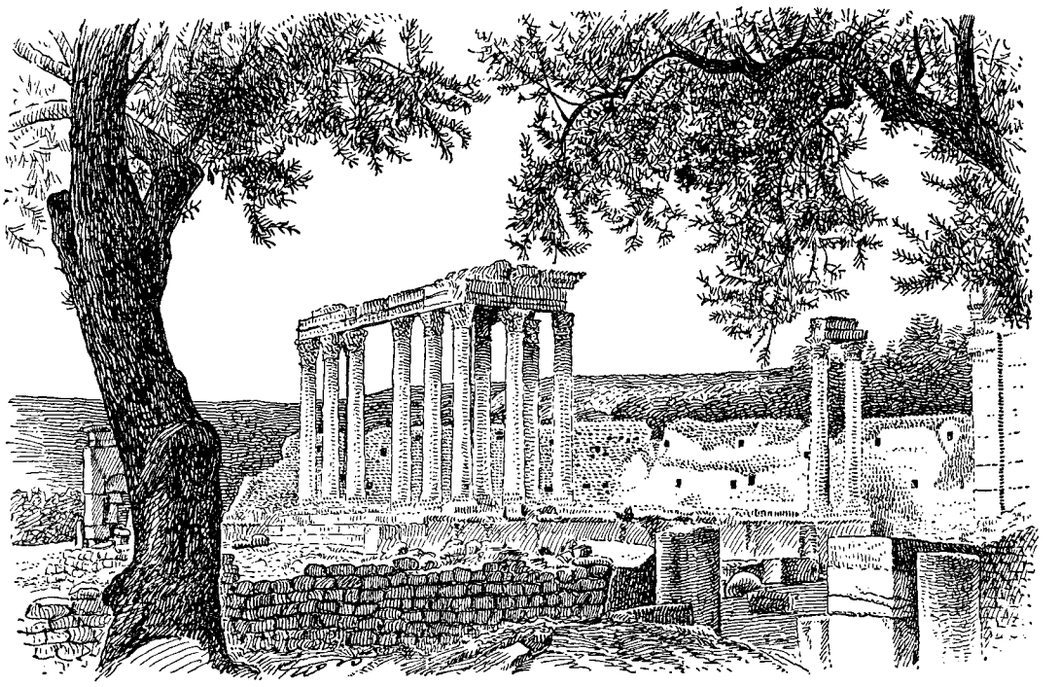
THE BASILICAS OF CARTHAGE

By BYRON KHUN de PROROK

NEXT spring the first American pilgrimage to Carthage and North Africa is to take place. The archbishop of Carthage, Mgr. Lamaitre, has obtained the special blessing of the Holy See and has asked the cardinals and bishops of America to assist me in inaugurating the first pilgrimage to the land of St. Augustine since the days of St. Cyprian and St. Louis of France.

It was one of the wishes of Cardinal Lavigerie to restore the Christian ruins of Carthage. He placed in the hands of Father Delattre this great task over fifty years ago, and it is due to his heroic patience that Christian Carthage has risen from its sleep of ages.



Ruins of an Ancient Temple

Few people remember the great history of the early church in Africa—that Carthage was the centre of Latin thought for several centuries and that some of the great questions of the early Christians were decided on that venerable and historic soil. Carthage claims too, after Rome, the greatest number of martyrs. It is not in Rome or elsewhere that the first Christian basilicas and churches may be seen. In Rome they were all destroyed or built over, but in Carthage they stand in picturesque ruin, little changed since the days of St. Augustine.

Because of the historic importance to the early church, because of the richness of its Christian monuments, because of the names of its great doctors and heroic martyrs—Carthage must be restored—and that is a task that Mgr. Lamaitre and Father Delattre have placed in my hands.

One day Father Delattre was crossing the fields to visit the home of a sick Arab when he stooped down suddenly and picked up a small piece of marble lying among the corn-flowers. The fields of Carthage are covered with flowers in the spring. Beneath the vivid blooms the soil is composed of marble dust, with here and there, a grey mass of antique stones rising above a sea of color. The stone that the missionary picked up bore part of an early Christian epitaph. He looked around and found many more. In a few days Arabs were at work and a great ruin, buried for fifteen centuries, soon lay uncovered.

In the course of excavation, hundreds of tons of earth were removed and 14,000 pieces of inscription were recovered. Beautiful mosaic floors, those eternal pictures in stone, once more revealed a lost art to the explorers. Columns and capitols—the ciborium, confessional, and a baptismal font entirely of vivid mosaic, were found. The columns were raised on their antique bases and are now vividly outlined against the

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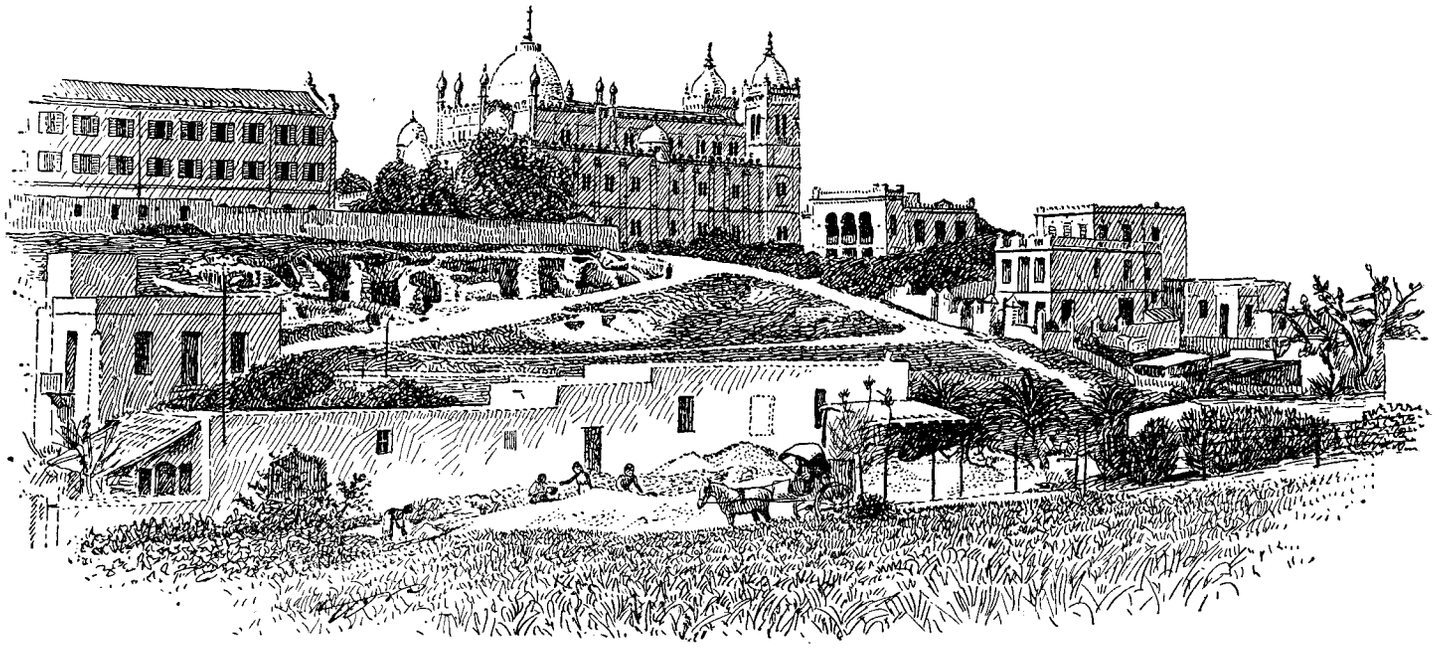
clear blue skies of Africa. This ruin overlooks the emerald gulf of Tunis, from which the mighty fleets of Carthage, Phoenicia, Rome, Byzantium, the Vandals, and Barbary Pirates once sailed to victory or annihilation.

To the left of the ruin, reaching up in a succession of silver white terraces, is the hill crowned by the Arab village of Sidi-Bou-Said. It is spread out like the wings of a dove, the ancient emblem of pagan and Christian Carthage, and seems suspended above the azure gulf by the blood-red precipices of Cape Carthage. Across the gulf one gazes through scarred columns to a purple amphitheatre of surrounding mountains. The Bou Kornein, the twin-horned sacred mountain of the Carthaginians, rises above the last spurs of the legendary Atlas mountains, and seems still to stand as an emblem of the pagan rites that once dominated this ancient land.



Tomb of Saint Louis

Everywhere there are vivid North African flowers springing up between the broken mosaic flowers and over many a crumbling wall. The spirit of the great basilica is at its magic best at sunrise. The old columns become bathed in a softer crimson light, the birds sing amidst olive and cypress trees, and across the rolling hills of flowers one hears the cathedral bells and the soft lapping murmur of the Mediterranean sea. Science has uncovered and catalogued these great ruins, and it is now left to the pilgrim to come and view these eloquent stones that speak of the eternal past and of the living romance of the ages. Not long ago Father Delattre celebrated Mass among these ruins—the first Mass in fifteen centuries. It was a historic scene—with its resurrection of the sacred memories of dead saints.

The White Sisters from the adjoining convent of St. Monica, built in memory of the mother of St. Augustine, knelt on the old floors, and the little orphans of Africa had placed garlands of flowers which hung in colorful chains between the columns. They chanted the litanies of the saints of Africa, and the names of St. Perpetue and St. Felicitas, St. Monica and St. Augustine, St. Cyprian and St. Louis arose on the perfumed air. Omnes sancti Africani, orate pro nobis! . . .

Carthage has three great basilicas uncovered by Father Delattre, as well as the amphitheatre, several chapels and great cemeteries. Two basilicas have been located and are ready for excavation. In the museum of Father Delattre there are thousands of relics—chief among which are the famous statues of the Virgin Mary of the fourth and fifth centuries, the oldest known of their kind. There is also the finest collection of Christian lamps in the world. Thousands of inscriptions are placed on the walls of the monastery gardens from which we know most of the early Christian names of martyrs and saints, doctors and students; while many others have been found in the cities of North Africa.

There have been located 250 early Christian ruins in North Africa. The greatest archaeological heritage left by the early church in any part of the world is to be found in this great open air museum. Tebessa claims the greatest basilica known. It was built in the fourth century and its size, composition and grandeur equal those of any ruin of antiquity. It is said that there were 500 bishoprics in Tunisia at one period.

The martyrology of Africa is a book of golden deeds of heroism. The passion of St. Felicité and St. Perpetue are amongst the most noble records of

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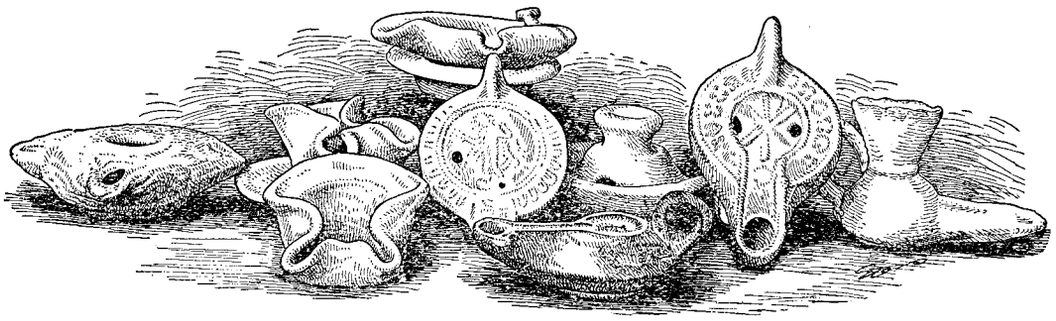
the history of mankind. The life and death of St. Cyprian, the martyred bishop of Carthage, is beyond the powers of the human pen. The forgotten martyrs of Lambese—James and Marion, and the heroic little girls of Tuburbo, who suffered for the faith at the ages of ten and eleven, belong to Africa.

That is why these wondrous ruins should be resurrected; for these edifices are relics of the beauty and history of the early Church. The sepulchres of Africa should carry a message and inspiration to pilgrims of every land, and it is hoped that in time, archaeologists and historians will collaborate in fulfilling Cardinal Lavigerie's dying wish—"Instauranda Carthago!"

(Professor Francis Kelsey of the University of Michigan, who is the American director of the Carthage Expedition in colloboration with Byron de Prorok, is in need of a student to specialize under Father Delattre in the study of early Christian archaeology in Carthage. All the other departments have been filled. Candidates should write to Professor Kelsey, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan.)



Ancient Carthaginian Pottery

THE FALSE FACE

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

PEOPLE say that Colston, the mystery story writer (who once dreamed of doing better things) cultivates his impassive expression, wearing it like a mask, because really he is emotional, and feels obliged to check his natural frankness and his tendency to let himself go. People may be telling the truth about this, for I know that Colston is certainly not the stern, cold person he looks to be, and the other night, when several of us, all writers, lingered late after dinner, Colston's face was anything but masked as he told us what follows. We had been talking about unwritten stories—the plots, ideas, or experiences, which all writers wish to shape more or less enduringly, but for one reason or another never do. We all gave instances. This was Colston's contribution:

In my case (said he, referring occasionally to a tattered note-book) I shall never be able to write the story that I know might be written about the man with the false face. If I had dreamed the episodes (which indeed were like some of the things that make dreams dreadful or splendid) or if I had imagined them, possibly I would be able to transmute and give form to them. But they really happened. I really took part in them, and neither time nor meditation seem to dissolve their all too vivid reality into the malleable stuff out of which stories are made. What there is of the artist in me desires strongly to accomplish the transmutation. Possibly the artist in me is not competent for the task. It would be a mystery story but scarcely the sort of mystery by which I earn my daily bread. Perhaps, however, it may be to the credit of my humanity that the poor man remains so actual, and that my pity for him, and my sympathy, are too strong to permit me to lose sight and memory of him, as an individual. Artistry and humanity are often on opposite sides, you know. Someone else, however, if I should ever print these notes, may receive a suggestion that may lead to the real story being written—some story possibly omitting all the facts I give, or substituting different ones, but having the soul of wonder, of misery, and of beauty that it must possess if it is to be at all like the soul of the story I divined but could not write.

There are two scenes recorded—or, rather, merely jotted down hastily, in my notes. One was the reception room of a great daily newspaper. The other was the ante-room of the operating theatre of a hospital. There is one main character, the man with the false face; and several minor figures—the assistant sporting editor of the newspaper; myself, the city editor; a number of reporters, a priest, and a hospital nurse.

The man with the false face went by a name that was also false. What it was does not matter. Only true things matter. But the truth about that man is precisely what I am not able to express. He used to visit the newspaper office about once a month, being one of that curious group of people, parasites of the

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press, known as tipsters, who sell information or scandal at prices varying with the importance of the "tip." This man's specialty was what are called "human interest" stories. I cannot remember that divorces, crimes, or political graft ever figured in his information. He seemed to frequent the society of doctors, and social service workers, and the queer characters that abound in the foreign quarters of the city. He always asked to see me. Ordinarily, I let one of the reporters interview him, but on quite a few occasions I talked with him. He was about forty or forty-five—medium height, medium weight, dressed invariably in a plain, dark, business suit, well-pressed and neat, talked like an intelligent, educated man, but had little force or personality. Only two things made me remember him (before the dreadful thing, and the splendid thing, that have made me remember him forever) between the times I saw him. One thing was that his moustache and eyebrows were intensely black, and silky fine, very vivid on his pale, rather flabby face. Even before the exposure came I vaguely thought of him like a figure in a melodrama—like a poor actor badly simulating a villain. The other thing was that he always looked at me very steadily as we talked, and that I felt he wanted to talk about something other than business, but hesitated to do so. He seemed to study me, as if wondering if I could be the man with whom he should speak about the other matter, whatever it was. Now, I wish I had led him on. But all I wanted were his tips. That he could have given me a tip to a story far more wonderful than any of his news articles never occurred to me. Now, I can see that as a busy city editor, avoiding relations that had nothing to do with my work, I myself put something in my face, or my eyes, that was false, and that hid my real willingness to let the tipster confide in me, if he wished to do so.

I am sure he did so wish; but his wish, poor fellow, was not quite strong enough. And my friendliness was not strong enough. Besides, he only saw me when I was holding myself back from indulging my natural interest in faces behind which there might be stories other than mere news stories, and eyes in which there were desirable secrets. Newspaper work was my bread and butter work, and I detested it unreasonably and ungratefully. While on my job, I was on my job, strictly, rather cruelly, and, of course, quite selfishly, if self-protectively as well. In what spare time I had, walking the streets, or in bar-rooms, churches, railway stations, anywhere and everywhere, while thinking of the time I hoped would come, when I would be a real writer, creative, shaping life stuff into forms of beauty, how intently, if bewildering, I studied faces! They all seemed mask-like. I often thought of the old legend of the Prince and Princess who loved, and wed, and came ardently together, but who, on the wedding night, each gazing upon the beloved face, broke out together saying: "But who lives behind this mask?" To get at the secrets of human life—the secret of life itself— so as to write it down—how that dream haunts us when we are young, and some of us are haunted always. I feel sure, now, that had I met my tipster when and where I was not myself hiding and masking my real life, my real desires, I would have responded to that dumb and repressed inquiry in his eyes, but I did not.

His visits had been going on for some months before Eddie Schwartz conceived the idea which led to the dreadful thing. Eddie was the assistant sporting editor. A burly, kindly man. His heart, as we say, as big as all out-of-doors. Very clever, but not intelligent. And nearly always a little drunk, just getting over the night before, or preparing for the night ahead. Always broke, and in debt right and left, and around the corner with the money-lenders. Then "cleaning up" on some horse race or fight bet and clearing the slate. Wore an old cap, pulled over one eye. Had been a sailor once and affected a rolling gait, and the roughest sort of language. But he wrote well, without a trace of slang. Could do a fight story almost like a Cobbett or a George Borrow. Was adored by the office boys and young reporters and was impatiently, yet lovingly, tolerated by others. Always on the brink of being fired, but somehow escaping dismissal.

Eddie, rolling through the reception room and frequently seeing the tipster, took it into his boosy, good-natured but irascible head that the tipster was a disguised detective, employed by the money sharks to shadow poor newspaper men who were in their toils. Eddie had been losing all his bets and was very deep in the toils. He sorely desired to take out his wrath on some money-lender's carcass. That would not do at all, as even Eddie knew, but he loudly announced to the delighted office boys and young reporters hanging around his desk, that the next time that the blankety-blankety detective showed up, he, Eddie Schwartz, would pull off his false moustache for him. "I'll show him up," he declared.

The tipster came the next evening. His card was brought to my desk. There were no reporters in the city-room, only Eddie and a noisy group in the sports department. So I went myself to the reception room. The boy who had brought me the card slipped away, full of glee, to tell Eddie.

The tipster arose from his seat as I entered. In his low voice, a voice in which under the unexpressive intonation there was a husky, rather mournful something, resembling, if tone may be said to resemble sight, the hidden thing in his eyes, he began to tell me what he had come to say. What he also dumbly wished to say, apart from his business, was also lurking in the depths of his steady look. I was just telling him that his information seemed promising, and that I would investigate the matter, when Eddie burst noisily into the room, amid a ring of grinning boys and youths.

"Don't let that guy fool you," he roared. "He's a

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stool pigeon, a private detective—I'll show you. He's disguised!"

Eddie's big arm thrust itself over my shoulder. His clumsy fingers grasped the waxed, neat, pointed moustache. Sure enough, it came off. It was false. But with it there also came away the nose, the eyebrows, part of the forehead; the whole false face.

"My God!" said the muffled, almost inarticulate voice of the tipster. "Oh, my God!"

* * *

I will not give all the details. No need to describe the nature of the scar usually covered by the mask. Nor what I said to Eddie Schwartz. Or my attempted apologies to the tipster. Later, when my wrath cooled, I pitied Eddie Schwartz only second to the tipster. He suffered keenly, for he was a really kind man—tender-hearted to the point of weakness. Just the same, he was fired, at last.

The tipster never came again. He refused the offer of a money compensation for the outrage. I had no sooner offered it than I felt I had added a new insult. His eyes transfixed me, not with reproach, but with sorrow—and forgiveness. He even had no anger against Eddie Schwartz. Behind that mask there was a soul that lived on a height far above us who pitied him, but who really should have been pitied by him. Perhaps we were.

The inquiries I promptly set on foot elicited a few explanatory facts. It was, of course, the inroads of a malignant disease that the false face covered, but which the surgeon's knife could not check. He had lived in another city, but when his trouble came upon him he had cut loose from all former associations, hence his change of name. He was employed by a charity organization as an investigator. He had no family. There was, however, to have been a family, for his marriage had been arranged for a day not long prior to his first operation. The woman, it seemed, would still have married him. But he put all that to one side.

The man who gave me these facts about the tipster was a priest, the head of the charity bureau. He said (I digest many long talks)—"That man has never once complained, at least openly. I am even more certain that in his heart he has never complained. He hates to take a salary for his work for us. When he makes money out of his tips, he gives it all to the poor. The only thing I've ever heard him express a wish to have, was a friend."

"A friend?" I asked, oddly startled.

"Yes, he wanted a friend. I am friendly to him, I admire, I respect, that man; but I am a priest. What he wants is a friend!"

I was remembering back to the hidden look in the tipster's eyes, when we had talked together. Had he been wondering if in me he might find that friend?

"Yes, poor fellow," continued Father Clare, "I feel sure that what he desires is a friend before whom he might put off that mask of his. He is a man who hates deceit. He would be himself, if he could, just as he is—but that's impossible."

Remembering when the mask was taken away, I shuddered.

"Yes, impossible," I agreed. "No friendship could stand—that."

"You are right," said the priest. "Humanity has its limits. Only God can be that man's friend, I'm afraid."

"You are afraid?" I asked, a little acidly, for I was not, at that time, inclined to be friendly with God, even if the tipster was. "You don't, then, think God's friendship enough for a man?

The old priest glanced at me kindly.

"God became man for love's sake, we believe," he said. "And if God wants the love of men, can we wonder if men need each other?"

"A deep question," I said, not trying to answer it. "But a more practical question is, how can we help this man with the false face?"

All such questions proved useless. Father Clare said he would arrange a meeting between the tipster and myself, but when he telephoned it was to say that the tipster had gone again to the hospital. It was the throat this time. Father Clare thought it would be the last time, too. Yes, he said, I might go to the hospital, if I really wished. I am afraid I did not really wish, for I delayed, day after day. Finally I did go.

Through my influence as a newspaperman, one well acquainted with the heads of the hospital, I got through all the ordinary barriers. But a little nurse, all dressed in white, stopped me, in the ante-room next to the room where the operations were held. She knew my errand. She shook her head.

"I am his friend," I said, weakly.

"Wait, please," she said. "I will take your message. He has asked many times if his friend had come. Now, I am afraid—but wait."

I did not have to wait long. She returned almost at once. Her eyes were shining strangely. There were no tears. The shining was crystalline.

"His friend is with him," she whispered, coming close to me. "He has gone with—his friend."

"What?" I asked, stupidly. "Dead?"

She nodded. Still more stupidly, I stammered—"What was it—the operation?"

"There was no operation," she answered. "It was the love of God."

I think I would have said something rude, or at least boorish, remembering what the mask had concealed and thinking of the pain my tipster must have borne— for what end? why?—had not the nurse, who was a nun, been looking at me as she spoke.

Eyes are very strange. If all of us are partly like my poor tipster, it is because our faces, too, are masked, when they are not quite false, and we are like

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him, also, in the fact that our eyes permit that which lives in all of us, behind all disguises, to become apparent now and then. At least, glimpses become apparent — gleams, hints, flashes — if not revelations.

And in the eyes of the nun, I tell you—yes, I testify —I saw that love of God of which she spoke—I do not mean her love for God, which doubtless was there, but God's love for men. It was in the crystalline shining. It was too strange to understand, but I knew it to be so. Fellow maskers, it was so.

But you see why I cannot write this story. Perhaps all life and not merely the life—and death, of my poor tipster, is the material for this story. Perhaps God is the Artist who is writing it. I do not know (said Colston, the mystery novelist, resuming his mask, and beckoning to the waiter) but I do know that it's much too much for me.

SCOTT AND THE OXFORD MOVEMENT

By BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE

AMIDST the curious contents of the brain of George Borrow was an intense hatred of the Catholic Church. This was partly due to residence in Ireland as the son of a Protestant officer where he no doubt learned as all Protestants then did, that Catholicism is "a servant's religion." Partly no doubt his attitude was due to a purely professional bearing assumed when, nominally as a subordinate kind of preacher of the gospel but obviously from a burning desire to travel and not at his own expense, he made those journeyings which gave to the world the immortal, if misleading, Bible in Spain. In the preface to one of his books he relieves his system of some of its burden of spleen by abusing Sir Walter Scott as the originator of the movement then starting towards Rome. Herein he exhibited a sagacity beyond that of his contemporaries for, as a matter of fact, Scott, if not "the onlie begetter" of this movement was more than merely its morning star—though he was that too.

The star harbingers the dawn but does not cause it; but no one who considers the history of the time can doubt that Scott was indeed in large measure responsible, if not for the movement, at least for the attitude of mind which helped to make it successful. For Scott was an antiquarian and it is hard to be that without acquiring the anima Catholica. The lovely things still remaining after the violences of Henry VIII, Cromwell and other crowned and uncrowned ruffians cannot but turn the hearts of those who admire them to think kindly of those who constructed them. Hence in many of his novels, though there are naturally lots of inaccuracies, there is on the whole a tendency to look favorably on the days of faith in England. This was not perceptible prior to or even in his time in books by other authors. Thus he helped to create an atmosphere of friendliness toward Catholicism, and curiously enough, though he did not live to participate in it, he is connected with the Oxford Movement in ways often ignored.

Scott was a baronet. This hereditary title became extinct when his only son Charles died in 1841. He had two daughters, the younger of whom, Anne, died unmarried. But the elder married J. G. Lockhart whose name will always be remembered as his father-in-law's biographer. They had but one daughter—Charlotte—and she married J. R. Hope, a barrister. Hope had been educated at Eton and Merton College, Oxford, of which latter place in due course he became a Fellow. He was a firm adherent of the Anglican church and was made Chancellor of the Diocese of Salisbury. It is obvious from his letters that the fact that this position gave him the right to a stall in the choir and a place for himself, surplice-clad, in formal processions, he valued far more than any emoluments which may have accrued to him from it. Hope was called to the bar at the time that another great movement was starting—the railroading of England. Now in that country an act of Parliament is an essential preliminary to the construction of a railway and such acts are fearfully expensive—not so much on account of the parliamentary fees, which are small as such things go, but on account of the legal expenses for the fees of barristers appearing before committees of the House. In his day no man got more nor higher fees than Hope.

Hope married Miss Lockhart in 1847. In 1853 the death of her brother, Walter Lockhart Scott (for he had taken that surname) left her the inheritor of Abbotsford, Sir Walter's house, and her husband then took the additional name of Scott—becoming J. R. Hope-Scott. Prior to this, however, he had undergone a much more serious change, for he and his wife were received into the Catholic Church after the Gorham Judgment. Hope had a trained legal mind and saw, as all ought to see, that the effect of the judgment was to deprive the Church of England of any right that it might ever have possessed to define the truth or what it believed to be the truth, and at the same time to make it possible and legal for her ministers to teach either one of two absolutely irreconcilable alternatives as to the results of baptism—i.e., that it does or that it does not regenerate the child spiritually.

Thus the house built and inhabited by the novelist came into Catholic hands and so remains. Hope-Scott's first wife died in childbed in 1861. Her only

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child Mary Monica inherited the estate on the death of her father. She married the Hon. Joseph Maxwell, son of Lord Herries, and her husband taking the additional name of Scott, she became the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott. Hope-Scott married a second time and had but one son by that union, who is now the Rt. Hon. J. R. Hope, who was Chairman of Committees in the last Parliament.

It is a digression from the main topic, but not with out interest to note that two other of the leading barristers of the day entered the Church in the stream of the Movement. Edward Louth Badeley was counsel for the Bishop of Exeter, who was defending baptismal regeneration in the Gorham Case just mentioned, and Badeley like Hope became a Catholic after the decision.

It was Badeley who was consulted by Newman as to the adequacy of Kingsley's "apology" for his attack on Newman's veracity, for Badeley was the "man about my own age, who lives out of the world of religious controversy and contemporary literature and whose intellectual habits especially qualify him for taking a clear and impartial view of the force of words." His adverse opinion in this case brought forth the Apologia of Newman which, but for him, the world would never have possessed. The third barrister was Edward Bellasis, like his friend Hope a man of great reputation at the parlimentary bar. He became a Catholic in 1850 and one of his sons, who was the first boy to enter the Oratory school at Birmingham after its foundation, was, up to a short time ago, Provost of that institution.

However to return to Scott. Lockhart was his son-in-law and his biographer, and the first real fruit of the Movement—omitting the inconstant Sibthorpe—was Lockhart's nephew. His reception by Father Gentili had very remarkable consequences. After Lockhart, at the point of death, had read Milner's End of Controversy, Newman had received him into his house at Littlemore as an Anglican on the understanding that he would not enter the Church for a definite period.

When he was on a journey, Lockhart found that he could not keep this rashly made promise and was received into the Church. The result was that Newman resigned the vicarage of St. Mary the Virgin at Oxford, preached the well-known sermon called The Parting of Friends, and at its conclusion as he was walking back from the pulpit at Littlemore, took off his academic hood and threw it across the rails of the Communion table as a silent indication that he was no more to teach in the church of his birth. Lockhart entered the Order of Charity to which Gentili belonged, and it was he who was responsible for the purchase of the beautiful little church of St. Etheldreda in Ely Place, London—the only old Catholic church in that country which has come back to the possession of its original owners as a complete fabric.

PURITAN AMERICA

By THEODORE MAYNARD

The American Mind in Action, by Harvey O'Higgins and Dr. E. H. Reede, New York: Harper and Brothers. $3.00.

MR. O'HIGGINS and Dr. Reede conceived this book with an idea that should have made it the best work among many recent books of its class. For their idea was to present a picture of the operation of the American mind, not in generalities, however glittering; nor as it appears in a single selected biographic subject; but by drawing out and exhibiting the common characteristics of a crowd of famous and widely diversified Americans. Thus when Emerson and Carnegie, Comstock and Whitman, Mark Twain and Mark Hanna, Julia Ward Howe and Margaret Fuller are thrown into the pot and boiled (along with Lincoln and Barnum, Longfellow and Franklin and Anna Howard Shaw) the residuum may be taken as fairly pure Americanism.

Unfortunately the result is rather thick and slab. The witchcraft, upon close inspection, seems to be too often a somewhat clumsy sleight of hand. Mr. O'Higgins and Dr. Reede make, indeed, many shrewd comments and occasionally say a clever thing (as that Emerson, by going to his subconscious mind for his facts, wrote his philosophy, as it were, upon a ouija board)—but their book, as a whole, is neither so interesting nor so convincing as it gave promise of being.

Most of its readers will, I imagine, feel as I have felt—that none of the subjects of the book (with the exceptions, oddly enough, of Anthony Comstock and Barnum, to whom its authors have tried desperately hard to be fair) have had justice done them. Not all of them—heaven knows!—were truly great; but some of them were. Yet even the greatest have been meanly dwarfed. Lincoln was, no doubt, a lonely and melancholy man; he may even have had "an almost conscious death-wish"—but to dwell upon such a point to the practical exclusion of everything else is actually to mislead. And Emerson, though he closed his mind against much reality, was nevertheless the one professional prophet of the nineteenth century who had faith enough in humanity to believe in the acceptability of his teaching. It is a pigmy Emerson and Lincoln who appear in The American Mind in Action.

Again, many readers will wonder upon what principle the list of subjects has been compiled, or why so many famous names have been omitted. Mr. O'Higgins and Dr. Reede will probably say that the book could not be indefinitely extended, and that they had the right to choose their own limits. They certainly did possess that right—yet one may still question the inclusion of such unmistakable Scots as Carnegie and Dr. Shaw. Moreover, when they entitle their book The American Mind in Action they are hardly justified in leaving out all representatives of the genial

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civilization of Virgnia. The book's proper title should have been The Effect of Puritanism on the American Mind. For that is its thesis.

To see Puritanism, however, as a specifically American product, is not to see it at all. Especially is it imperative that Puritanism should be understood in its relation to Christendom, by which I mean in its relation to the Catholic Church. Failing in these respects, Mr. O'Higgins and Dr. Reede continually fall into the error of supposing that the Puritan inhibitions of their subjects are peculiarly American. I can assure them that the same idealism and material crudity, the same violence and spiritual anxiety, the same intellectual timidity and worldly practicality, of which they treat, are to be found, with only slight modifications, among the circles of British Dissent. The American Puritan is very like the English Puritan. Each has an almost identical system of ecclesiastical organization, and the same set of theological and social ideas and ecclesiastical methods. England gave America her Y. M. C. A., and American evangelists jazz up the British Puritan from time to time. The Baptist ironfounder in England is as grateful (and for similar reasons) for the effects of a revival by Gipsy Smith as is the Baptist ironfounder in America for the effects of a revival by Billy Sunday. The only great difference is that in America the Puritan has been free to develop his virulence unchecked, whereas in England he has always been on the defensive, and has become comparatively mellowed by contact with a more urbane religious society. But he has the same general temper and cast of mind, and the same assortment of taboos—chief among which of course is the taboo against drink.

It is, however, necessary to see Puritanism as more than a system of taboos. It is quite true that Puritans themselves are forgetting the drastic theology from which their repressive temper logically sprang; that they are exchanging Calvinism for Comstockery or Volsteadism or Bryanism; that they are retaining the corollary and abandoning the premise. But the Puritanism of the society in which the heroes of The American Mind in Action found themselves was still sternly dogmatic.

Out of their central dogma sprang their unhappiness as well as their spiritual passion. (It must be remembered in what follows that a few fine minds succeeded in elevating their religion to their own exalted level; that Puritanism even produced here and there a mystic —while we are judging it by its dismal average.) Those who were able to convince themselves that they had been predestined to salvation tended to become hard and arrogant; those who were unable so to convince themselves were necessarily consumed with ghastly spiritual anxiety. Their terror could find no relief except in a display of external rigidity, or in an unremitting industry that was accounted unto them for righteousness. Puritan ethics—expounded in England so clearly in the detestably smug books of Dr. Samuel Smiles—expressed themselves in America in the hazy current idea that "making good" is much the same thing as being good or doing good.

Puritanism was unable to sustain itself for long in religious aspiration or ecstasy. Religion, for it, began with the violent psychological phenomenon known as "conversion;" after whch, as everythng had been done once and for all, the soul could fall back and sleep upon its formulas and its assurance of salvation, while the mind devoted itself to practical affairs. This is why a religion that postulates the rejection of all the material elements in worship—ceremonies and sacraments—that places the soul naked before God, and is based upon the conception of pure spirituality, produces notorious materialism among its adherents, who become distinguished as being "not slothful in business, serving the Lord."

But the other side of the story should be looked at. If Puritanism could produce on the one hand a Lord Overtoun or a J. D. Rockefeller, it often brought ruin to a sensitive spirit (like the poet Cowper) and has reduced many men to a state of semi-imbecility who, unlike the poet, had no gentle muse to soothe their terrified minds.

Just as Puritanism tends to produce an inescapable spiritual anxiety, it also tends to produce upon its moral (which has now become its most evident) side, bewilderment and a confusion of all ethical values. In every place where it gains ascendency its repressive system leads to sexual laxity. And this is not because Puritanism represses sex (after all it couldn't) but because it blurs the sense of moral proportion. The seventeenth century Puritan left to himself and others only two legitimate pleasures—drink and sex. By a curious series of chances, which there is no time to explore at the moment, rum has become the pet demon of the Puritan; but it was not so before the last century. Today we have sexuality come to be the sole pleasure of the Puritan—which he naturally enjoys with a compensatory gusto. Indeed, that curious offshoot of Puritanism, Mormonism, elevates it into a religion.

This is why Puritan America hailed Freud with such boundless enthusiasm, and rushed in such battalions to be "psyched." Yet even the emancipated intellectual—he whose libido has been most completely released—remains in the depth of his conscience a Puritan. For the only form of Christianity with which he is acquainted is that found in the prim conventicles of Methodism or Presbyterianism. He cannot break away from his environment, but remains in a state of puzzled revolt. For unless by some wild good luck he discovers the humanity and humor of Catholicism, he can have no tradition in which to rest.

Mr. O'Higgins and Dr. Reede themselves seem to be in much the same predicament. They are kindly and sensible as well as clever men; and accordingly are moderate in their views. If they use the Freudian

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method they do so with reservations; and though they employ the psychoanalytic jargon they are suspicious of explanations that base everything on sex, and put themselves on record as holding that "Freud was wrong in believing that dream symbols have a universal significance and that they do not vary with the individual mind." But they have no remedy to offer for the ravages of the Puritanism they hate. In passing they speak with approval of the confessional as a means of resolving spiritual anxiety; but they appear to have no other conception of Catholic philosophy or of the Catholic sacraments. Twice they refer to St. Paul as the originator of the Puritan idea of sin as a pleasure of the senses; and they call Herbert a Puritan poet!

In this state of bewilderment it is not surprising that their conclusions are rather lame. After deciding that the practical materialism of America is the consequence of the Puritanism of America, they warn the "critic turned reformer" against opposing that materialism, because in opposing it he will be opposing the genius of the American mind. "If America in the large can be made in his" (the American's) "eyes only a wider expansion of his small town . . . he can be saved from a personal unhappiness that is producing a spiritual disaster." Which is, to say the least, an astonishing dictum.

BRIEFER MENTION

The Romans in Britain, by Bertram C. A. Windle, New York: George H. Doran Company. $4.00.

THE Professor of Anthropology in St. Michael's College, Toronto, Sir Bertram C. A. Windle, has collected his lectures on the early Romans in Britain into a volume readable and valuable as the storehouse of broad and well-collated knowledge.

After a very capable discussion of the Roman invasion, the camps and settlements and the sculptural remains that still attest the solidity and thoroughness of the Roman establishments in ancient Britain, Sir Bertram passes to a general discussion of their religious memorials, "Christianity in the Empire and in Britain," "Roman Administration in Britain," to an obvious, even it might appear strangly placed, chapter of comparison "Rome and Britain: Britain and India."

The schoolboy reading his Omnis Gallia divisa est, etc., is as well prepared for the story of the coming of the Romans as any archaeologist, but a reading of the other ancient authors on Britain will clarify him further. From Tacitus he will learn that the Romans encountered "different physical types: the red hair and stalwart limbs of the dwellers in Caledonia attest their German origin, the swarthy and generally curled locks of the Silurians, as also their position opposite Spain, win credit for the belief that in old times Iberians crossed over and settled here."

This gives a very early origin to the tradition concerning a Spanish origin for the Gaelic races. From Strabo we learn that these people "were clean-shaven except for long moustaches, and that they had fair hair and skins; they were six inches taller than the tallest Romans, who were, it must be remembered, rather a stockish folk. Their powerful frames were clad in bright-colored tunics and cloaks of wool, which were stained with native dyes, no doubt derived, as in Ireland in quite recent times, from lichens and a number of native plants. Sometimes crimson was the color selected, sometimes purple, obtained from shell-fish like the celebrated Tyrian dye, but very often checquered patterns were used, which were the origin of what we now know as tartans. Breeches these people wore, for they are spoken of as a gens bracata, and Valerius Maximus, who wrote about A. D. 29, speaks (to the surprise, perhaps, of our recent stage-costumers) of the Druids as long-trousered philosophers." From this it will appear that those who, desiring to return to the garb of their early ancestors, have acquired the Kilt-habit, have a further stage to reach and can imagine what their forbears looked like by studying those Highland regiments which wear the "trews" and not the "kilts."

The importance of Mithraism among the soldiery and colonial forces of Rome is well outlined in Professor Windle's volume. It seems also that even in Imperial times "Christians looked on themselves as Christians first and Roman subjects afterwards. When this was the case, it seems idle to look about for reasons why Rome should proscribe the Christians. If it was to be true to itself it must compel obedience; and to do this meant death to all firm Christians. (Arnold: Roman Provincial Administration.)

The coming of Christianity in the British missions of St. Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, and St. Paul, St. Simon Zelotes, St. Joseph of Arimathea and his twelve companions, are matters wisely described by Conybears as "nothing essentially improbable," to which may be added Ramsay's statement (The Church in the Roman Empire by "St. Paul the Traveller") that they are traditions "too uncertain to be used as evidence."

The Imperial government, while it recognized its duty to maintain some standard of comfort among the poorer classes, made no attempt to promote their education. It was the Church that later on proclaimed its purpose to educate as well as to comfort and feed the poor. "No doubt," says Professor Windle, "Agricola as part of his policy did his best to induce the sons of the Celtic chiefs to learn Latin, but then, as Tacitus tells us, that was not for the purpose of civilizing them so much as of binding them closer in Imperial fetters."

The Romans in Britain is altogether a very interesting and valuable volume on a subject of supreme importance to all students of our civilization.

T. W.

Restoration Comedy—1660-1720, by Bonamy Dobree. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

IT is the privilege of a literary man to produce a charming study, interesting and enlightening, on a class of literature that in itself is dull and difficult reading for the average student. The original texts of a Wycherley, a Shadwell or a Congreve are rather hard matter on the whole, but when elucidated and quoted in their most striking passages, they make up a world of the imagination and live, at least in literature, a new life that seems rather flickering in their actual texts. Old literature for the most part seems to need these intermittent shots of electricity to keep it moving in the ways of life: the rickets of some of these vanished periods of letters are inherent characteristics of the incompleteness and artificialities of their past, and sometimes also the electrician is at fault in the voltage of his personality and treatment.

Mr. Dobree is excellent in his management of these vivifying batteries and keeps the puppets of the Restoration Drama moving with continued grace and charm.

T. C.

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POEMS

The Cry of Ibn-Levi

(A romance relating the history of the Ruby of the Black Prince, now in the royal crown of England.)

Abu-Saïd, Abu-Saïd, woe upon the fatal day,
When to plot with King Don Pedro on your steed you rode away!

By the Gateway of Elvira all Granada saw you go,
Followed by your forty Emirs, prancing gaily row on row.

With you went the crafty Edriz, and the dwarfs, and pages vain;
Twice a thousand pearls they carried, Persian trophies without stain.

But of all Granada's glories (woe upon the day!) was none
Like the ruby on your forehead gleaming deadly in the sun.

You had cast the good Mohammed from the throne his fathers raised,
And within Alhambra's palace, bade your name alone be praised.

Little praise, O Abu- Saïd, little praise you heard that day,
When the grim Don Pedro smiling, led you forth to joust and play.

Clad you in kaftán of purple, as a royal guest should wear;
Led you forth, and made you target for his horsemen tilting there!

With their jousting reeds they slew you, you and all your Emirs proud,
Whilst Don Pedro, and his women, and his hirelings laughed aloud.

Through the gateway of Elvira, back he sent your gory head—
Well we knew its cruel visage and its curling beard of red.

"Greetings to good King Mohammed from Don Pedro of Castile!"
Cried the herald through Alhambra, panoplied from head to heel.

Curséd, curséd, Abu-Saïd, cursèd be the fatal day,
When we saw that on your forehead nevermore the jewel lay!

For his gift we thank Don Pedro—'tis a dish to feed our hates—
Would to Allah you had perished, 'ere that ruby left our gates!

THOMAS WALSH.

Alice Meynell

Hinting Heaven
In glints that are
Bestrewn along her flight—

"Here, the seven
Colors mar
Simplicity of light"—

She vanished, even
As dazzled star
Escapes to morning's white.

FRANCIS CARLIN.

L'Amor Che Move

(Il Sole E L'Altre Stelle.)

Though she should die and let the world plunge on
To still more bitter tragedy, and though
The time should come when every hope were gone
Save my strong hope, I'd keep it; for I know
The hidden order of this universe
(Torn as it is and bleeding from its scars)
Will brave the human or satanic curse—
'Tis love that moves the sun and other stars.

Thus only may we come at last to find
An acre that is larger than the world,
And widen by intensity the mind
Until it learns how all the heavens lie curled,
Coil within coil, within the dingiest town
That some Utopian dreamer dared to love,
Who draws the mystical Republic down
To make him nobler than the thoughts he wove.

With darkened vision we have still to grope,
Guided by thinnest threads along the maze,
Sorrowing, but not as those who have no hope,
Bewildered, yet not lost on faithless ways;
Our apprehension dawns in darkest night
(The revealing instant and the catch of breath!)
For love can flood the soul with sudden light
Though life is nursed within the arms of death.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

What Highway?

What highway, dear, shall our true loving climb?
Up cold-browed peaks? Or on the gypsy plain,
Merry with rainbow caravans that stain
The road from Ithamar to Hagersheim?
Maybe a path, hedged tidily with thyme
And maples, where the thrushes mingle rain
With tears. There softly whispers day's refrain;
All noons are cool and movement calmest rhyme.

What matter where our living's lane go through,
If bright or dim, or swift to cross or long,
So my heart be a mantle for your shoe
And that most gentle! Then the morning's strong
Brown eyes shall find earth beautiful in you
And evening echo as with evensong.

GEORGE SHUSTER.

Old Story

Why should we both tremble so,
While the logs are in a blaze,
Huddled in a storm of snow,
Waiting for the end of age?

There is yet a year or more,
Until we are wholly numb
To the banging of a door,
And this rapturous humdrum.

HAROLD VINAL.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

The Odeon in New York

FOR one thing, at least, we may be duly grateful to the movies. They have trained us to an appreciation of pantomime which permits the keen enjoyment of plays in foreign languages—that is, when fortified by copious program notes and explanations. I submit this as a possible reason for New York's enduring interest in the Moscow Art players and the horrors of the Grand Guignol and, this year, for the decided pleasure felt in the productions of the Odeon theatre of Paris. The movies have to this extent helped to internationalize art, and to remove one more of the barriers to good will and mutual understanding.

Even a few years ago, the achievement of Fermin Gémier in bringing to New York the entire company of one of France's most famous theatres, might have met with frigid disaster. At best, the performances would have been attended chiefly by those anxious to establish publicly their knowledge of the French language. There would have been little of the general acclaim which one caught from the audiences which have filled the Jolson theatre during the last three weeks. Decidedly, we are now more interested in foreign dramatic efforts and have learned to surmount the obstacles of language. This is notable and hopeful.

For those who do know and love French as a language and as an art, the fact that the school of the Odeon rather than the Comédie Française should be the first to reach us is a matter of real gratification. The Odeon is distinctly the more human institution. In this country we have nothing comparable to the traditions which govern French drama. We have as yet no repertoire theatre combining the highest standards of dramatic art with the schooling which springs from the principle of a stock company. Walter Hampden is attempting it and may succeed. In their small and interesting way, the Provincetown Players are building toward the same end. But these are both prophecies rather than fulfilments. France has that distinct entity known as the national theatre, one of its expressions being the Odeon, and the other the Comédie. The tradition of the Comédie tends toward dogma and ritual for the stage, toward mannerisms of speech and gestures, toward a certain mincing artificiality and finesse. The Odeon is freer. It has more spontaneity. The spoken word there is more majestic and flowing. It brings out the full resonance of the French language. The gesture, too, has more repose. Its comedy springs forth with more natural grace, its tragedy impends more heavily and with greater sternness.

Take as an instance one of the plays produced in New York —L'Homme et Ses Fantomes. It is the story of a man forever pursuing the unknowable, and seeking it always in the soul of woman. There were no less than sixteen scenes in this panorama of a life, yet each one was in its own setting a gem. Gémier himself was unsuited physically, at least, to the chief rôle. Much of the finest acting, the most beautiful diction and the most poignant pantomime came from his supporting cast. Yet the play as a whole moved forward with a certainty, a poise and an intensity of true feeling of which I can not imagine the Comédie Française capable. Scenically, there was a forceful suggestion of realism without the obtrusion of useless detail —a happy compromise between Belasco and Robert Edmond Jones (in his more fantastic mood) which only great artistic discretion can attain. In this day, when so much of our dramatic talent is being spoiled by lack of rigid training, and when the revolt against conventionalism is in full blast, the example of the Odeon will perhaps serve as a guide to maturer artistry and a more understanding love of the finer things of the stage.

Ethel Barrymore Reanimates Pinero

THE tragedy of Paula Tanqueray, as stage-contrived by Arthur Pinero, has certainly not gained in force in the thirty-one years since it took London by storm. Yet in spite of this, Miss Barrymore has succeeded in transplanting the play to the modern theatre in such a fashion that it becomes very nearly plausible. It is distinctly one of those plays which an actress of exceptional ability and force can redeem from the artificiality of structure and weakness of characterization which burden it. Mrs. Patrick Campbell made it live before. Ethel Barrymore makes it live today. And that is no small achievement.

The great defect of The Second Mrs. Tanqueray as a play, lies in its rather maudlin portrayal of Paula, the demimondaine who tries to rescue herself by marrying the widower, Aubrey Tanqueray. If you believe in the reality of the actress, you will, for the evening at least, believe in the reality of Paula. The important point today is that Ethel Barrymore has taken the inconsistent lines and the forced characterization of Paula and made her believable and human. She has done this by a combination of her splendid natural talent and a trained perfection of stage technique matched by few artists in this country today. She knows how to strengthen a weak line or soften a grotesque one, how to fill the stage at an awkward moment by rigid silence rather than by commotion. If we lack the advantage of a national theatre as a training school, we should at least be thankful that we have, as with the Barrymores, a few families born to the theatre, among whom tradition and artistic discipline have bred a ripened power and authority and repose.

Lazybones

NO matter what your mood of the evening, whether frivolous or sombre, the chances are that you will enjoy Owen Davis's chronicle of a country town. It all gathers around the twenty-year self-sacrifice of Steve Tuttle in adopting and rearing a baby girl under circumstances which set the sharp tongues of Milo, Maine, wagging. He does this to save the reputation of his fiancee's sister—with the result that his engagement is broken and the village leaves him and his ward severely alone.

George Abbott has made a very wonderful human being out of Steve—unconscionably lazy, wholly lovable, inwardly strong beyond the limits of most men and eternally young. When Kit, his ward, grows up, she discovers a way to cure even the laziness. In fact, Kit is very much of a person, too, as you will find out if you watch her charge through the barbed wire of Steve's reserve and capture his heart. Miss Allen, as Kit, does some acting quite on a par with the best early work of Helen Hayes. I shall be much surprised if we fail to hear a great deal of her in the next two or three years. Another exceptional bit of acting is that of Leona Hogarth as Kit's unknown mother.

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In the last act she exhibits a power of tragic pantomime we have come to expect only from the Russian school. If you think you do not like rural plays, be very sure to put Lazybones on your list. It will cure you of an understandable prejudice.

The Dream Girl

THIS quite successful musical play, with the winsome Fay Bainter leading the cast, comes very near to being worth while. The music has the inevitable charm of orchestration and melody that made Victor Herbert loved by high and low-brow alike—a certain caressing of the scale that broke down élite barriers by the sheer power of song. There is, too, the delicate hint of a plot—the dream of the heroine carrying her back to days when knights were bold (and ate with their knives) and a fair maid of Merrie England was just a wench. But into this fairy plot (adapted from The Road to Yesterday) and elfin music, the Shuberts have catapulted a girating, mechanical chorus and that superlatively raucous vaudeville comedian, Billy B. Van. He is in this case as bad a misfit as I have seen for several years. He is out of key with both story and music—almost as much as the regimental and none too comely chorus. He and they are simply extraneous and annoying. With a little sense of artistry, a good chorus and a good comedian could have added to the piece.

For Your List of Plays

THE season is waxing fast and furious. We shall not be able to give complete reviews of all the plays, but the following brief summary might prove useful whether you are living or visiting in New York or watching for New York productions which are going "on the road." Plays not included will be reviewed later and added to the list.

Conscience—A rather poor play of an I. W. W. agitator who kills his wife and sees ghosts, redeemed in part by the remarkable acting of Lilian Foster, a newcomer.

Minick—An excellent comedy showing remarkable insight into the problem of two generations under one roof.

The Haunted House—In which Owen Davis satirizes mystery plays and gives you a new mystery to solve. An amusing farce.

The Farmer's Wife—Perhaps the best comedy of the season with a splendid cast headed by the Coburns.

The Second Mrs. Tanqueray—With Ethel Barrymore, reviewed in this number.

White Cargo—A morbid story of the white man's degeneration in the tropics. Mostly unrelieved gloom.

Dancing Mothers—In which a flapper reforms and her mother does the reverse. Well acted, but the outlook unhealthy.

Grounds for Divorce—Good entertainment if not taken seriously. A rather sophisticated skit on the divorce mania.

Expressing Willie—A polite and somewhat artificial satire on psychoanalysis and faddists in general.

The Fake—In which a murder for the sake of eugenics and general convenience is made to appear quite the thing to do. A play that should never have been produced.

The Werewolf—Deserving sudden oblivion.

The Best People—Starts out to be a good comedy and ends by becoming a mediocre farce. Fair entertainment if you are not tired of flapper rebellions.

The Show-Off—A sterling comedy that touches a guilty chord in many who laugh at it uproariously.

What Price Glory—A very fine, though not a great play, which tries to be pacifist but only succeeds in extolling true glory.

Lazybones—One of the season's leading comedies, reviewed in this number.

Musical Plays and Revues—Whenever space permits, we shall list the best of this endless collection. *Madame Pompadour, Rose Marie, The Dream Girl* and *Annie Dear* seem to be the decided hits.

BOOKS

Sard Harker, by John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50. The House of the Arrow, by A. E. W. Mason. New York: Doran and Company. $2.00.

ROMANTICISM in literature originates in the search for new beauty, and though we may find it difficult to define, all of us are familiar with its principal effects; the magic and glamor of strangeness, the wide vista opened to the emotions by that which is suggested or implied rather than clearly stated; the attraction of the unfamiliar or unexpected. The romantic impulse has usually gained ascendancy when writers have felt an absence, in the literature of their time, of vitality of contact with experience, or of imaginative and emotional power. Feeling this, they have commonly rejected the actual for the unusual and have sought for power and beauty in the deliberate cultivation of novelty.

In recent fiction the romantic tendency has taken two principal directions. It has found expression in an effort to recover the past, or, subject to the contemporary influence of naturalism, it has been preoccupied by what is often described as the "romance of the commonplace." But although these are probably the main directions taken by our serious romantic novelists, there exists independently of them a romantic tradition in fiction illustrated by such various types as the adventure story, the story of the supernatural, and the mystery story. In distinguishing between realistic and romantic fiction a contemporary novelist, Mr. Frank Swinnerton, defines realism as "the critical interpretation of actual things," and romance as "a fiction the chief interest in which is supported by varied incidents of an uncommon or obsolete nature." Better still, romanticism in fiction may be defined as the realistic portrayal of the unfamiliar or the extraordinary.

The two novels under review illustrate these various characteristics of the world which romantic fiction sets before us, just as they likewise illustrate achievement on two separate levels of romantic art. Mr. Masefield seems, at first glance, to make us free of an unfamiliar world and to set in motion therein a train of extraordinary experiences. At first glance only; for this novel, so closely packed with the traditional elements of romantic fiction, achieves an effect quite disproportionate to the sum of its component elements. These elements are undisguisedly simple, and they are employed by Mr. Masefield with candor. He is at no pains to deck them out with new trappings, or even to persuade us to accept them. There is a hero in his story, a heroine, a major villain and some minor villains, an old sea captain and the benevolent dictator of a Central American state. Upon none of them has he lavished any intricacy of detail. The hero is strong, silent and persevering. The heroine is beautiful and chaste. The major villain, a practitioner of Satanism, is diabolical and corrupt. The sea captain is a righteous gentleman of a now obsolete model. If in Mr. Masefield's novel there is no complexity of characterization, neither is there any complexity of plot. It is a simple story of adventure, rigorously objective in its pattern and deceptively traditional in its episodes. The hero has in early youth met a maiden with whom he fell in love. After that single meeting life separated them, apparently decisively. Sailing as first mate in a sugar-clipper, he has a dream of finding the maiden in a certain lonely dwelling near a Central American port. How he obeys the vision and how he surmounts the ordeals into which his obedience plunges him, con-

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stitute the plot. At the end all comes right—the maiden is rescued and the future will be happy.

This is the kind of thing, one might think, which is periodically cooked up by any of a dozen negligible but popular purveyors of standardized, trade-marked romance. Nothing could be further from the truth. It is the kind of thing which only a master craftsman can achieve, and then but infrequently, and to which true romanticists aspire. It is the kind of thing which Stevenson aimed at and Conrad occasionally gave us. Mr. Masefield is less given to the archaic than Stevenson and less given to subtle analysis than Conrad. He is unlike them, but he is no less a master in the genre. The effect of his novel is powerful and convincing; yet that effect is not produced by any single element of the novel, and it is perhaps disproportionate to the sum of all the elements which enter into it.

One is inclined to attribute the effect to the essential nobility of Mr. Masefield's theme, which stands out boldly without the aid of artificial emphasis. For his theme is merely the career of heroism in an indifferent world. The odds against which Sard Harker struggles are of two kinds; the absolute impartiality of primitive nature, and the most evil corruptions of which man is capable. It is in Sard's contest with static, primitive nature that the novel rises to its greatest imaginative heights. The account of his long march across the desert and over the bleak mountain range to the distant seacoast is a superb achievement in the art of narrative. Hunger, thirst, cold and terror beset him, and beyond all the awful isolation of mortality in its conflict with empty and unfeeling nature. Here, at least, one might expect to find Mr. Masefield employing the method of analysis to reveal the effect of the experience upon the soul of the man. Yet he does so only with the most parsimonious economy. He is content for the most part to suggest as concretely as possible the actuality of the external experience itself, and to thereby produce in us, rather than to merely state, the reality of the internal experience.

It is interesting to compare Mr. Masefield's method with that of other contemporary romanticists—Kipling and Pierre Loti, for example, and Joseph Conrad. He is remote, in method, from all of them. His imaginary Central American state, whether in its desolate wastes or its gleaming city, has none of the guide book precision of Loti's oriental landscapes. Nor does he rely, as Kipling did in those powerful early stories, upon the accumulation of specific sensations. And he does not employ Conrad's haunting allusiveness and the verbal magic which enabled Conrad to project, through the sound and color of words, the emotional values of a particular scene. Mr. Masefield's prose is spare and direct. There are few "purple passages," and they are chiefly metaphorical. His world may not be true to an actual Central America. That, of course, is unimportant. But it is profoundly true to an imagined Central America, and that is essential. No one has given us with greater effectiveness than Mr. Masefield a boundless wasteland in which to pit mortal purpose against brute earth. It is not without irony that Mr. Masefield has broken the solitude of the desert by the mute reminder of our mortality; a skeleton in a long deserted, crumbling ruin—a desolate mission bravely resisting the depredations of time and the elements, the grim horror of a sculptured heathen shrine. To do this, as he well knew, is to intensify and enrich the power of his theme.

Mr. Mason's achievement is on a less ambitious level than Mr. Masefield's; he has given us no symbolic reading of the journey of life, like that implied by Mr. Masefield's novel, but an exercise in that humbler romantic medium, the mystery story. And he has given us an extraordinary good one. In his novel also the elements are largely conventional, but Mr. Mason has been exceedingly adroit in his use of them. A mysterious crime which superficially appears to be solved only to unfold a more complicated mystery; rapid and cumulative action with a minimum of expository device; suspense constantly intensified and maintained until the last possible moment of action; an abrupt solution: these are the elements from which Mr. Mason builds his effect. Logic, of course, in his ultimate resource, but logic of event rather than logic of character. It is not Mr. Mason's intention to portray human nature, but to excite an interest in events. And character enters his story so little that when the identity of the criminal is discovered, Mr. Mason has neglected to establish any basis in character for the criminal career. If from this point of view the novel is weak, the weakness may be readily condoned. For Mr. Mason has excited us by novelty of experience and provided an effective escape from the world of actuality. And what romanticist in the medium of the mystery story should be expected to do more?

LLOYD MORRIS.

The Altar Steps ($2.00), The Parson's Progress ($2.50), The Heavenly Ladder ($2.50), by Compton Mackenzie. New York: George H. Doran Company.

MR. Compton Mackenzie, in his previous trilogy of Sinister Street, gave us the best description of an undergraduate's life at Oxford ever penned in English. He has written one of the most genuinely amusing and pleasantly ironic novels of modern times in Poor Relations. His Guy and Pauline is the most satisfactory garden catalogue we have ever perused. His mordant humor, his light irony, play constantly over his characters as they struggle to find sanity and peace in the mad modern world, lighting up the pathos of their failures or the splendor of their triumphs, as summer lightning plays across a valley and offers to our sight with startling brilliancy unexpected portions of hill and dale. Particularly delightful is Mr. Mackenzie's humor when dealing in the present trilogy with the career of the Reverend Mark Littledale in his struggle with the authorities of the Church of England to the time of his surrender to Rome.

Mr. Mackenzie writes of the Establishment in high good humor, ironically at times, but always with just that touch of sentiment beloved of Englishmen, who are always a trifle more sentimental over the lost causes they have abandoned than over the causes they are for the moment defending. He has more charity in his heart, has Mr. Mackenzie, than Mr. Bernard Shaw, who deals with the Establishment with bitter wit (being an Irishman) or Mr. H. G. Wells, who merely loses his temper over it. We trace Mark Littledale's career from babyhood until, at the end of the third volume, we leave him, happy but exhausted after many years of conflict with ecclesiastical superiors, a copy of the penny catechism in his hand, the gift of the Italian parroco of Caprano.

Undoubtedly Mr. Mackenzie has selected the bishops of the Establishment as the villains of the piece. Mark Littledale is irritated by bishops even in babyhood. He has as instinctive a dislike of bishops as Mr. H. G. Wells. Everything about Anglican bishops irritates him, from their gaiters to their suavity of manner when depriving an ecclesiastical opponent of his benefice. Mr. Mackenzie manifestly shares his parson's antagonism toward the Anglican hierarchy. He often indulges

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in that mild but not unpleasant form of "anti-clericalism" (if we may use the word) which Mr. G. K. Chesterton claims is natural and inevitable among those who button their collars in front toward those who button their collars behind. The reviewer suspects Mark Littledale of quarreling at times with his ecclesiastical superiors from sheer love of a shindy with those in authority over him, much as the late Father Tirrell achieved pleasure by shocking cardinals during his stay in the Latin Church.

The ecclesiastical hero of this trilogy is an ecclesiastical "Die Hard," ultimately refusing compromise. Deprived of his Cornish benefice for extreme "ritualism" by his bishop, Littledale has no Littlemore. His was a quick jump, unlike Newman's, without sentimental regrets, when once he persuaded himself that the ship of official Anglicanism was about to wreck on Peter's rock. Mr. Mackenzie attempts to secure our sympathy for his irreverend hero in his conflicts with ecclesiastical authority by a slight exaggeration in his depicting of the Anglican episcopal character. In justice, we feel that the author splashes on his colors a trifle too vividly in his portraits of the technical rulers of the Church of England. A process of toning down—a more Corot-like coloring—would have given his readers a larger sense of the accuracy of his descriptions.

Mr. Mackenzie deals in trilogies. His own interest in his characters is such that he must run to three 350 page volumes before he is content to leave them. His trilogy of Sinister Street was a tour de force with hardly a dull page. He is not so successful in the present instance. While it is an excellent thing (and far be it for us to suggest otherwise) for an author to show an abundant and even overflowing interest in his own creations, we feel in the present case that the interest is strained, and that 700 pages would have been good measure in which to narrate Mark Littledale's preëcclesiastical, purely ecclesiastical, and post-ecclesiastical career. Mr. Mackenzie must learn the art of compression. A novel, like the sculptor's clay, must be squeezed to give it shape. We confess to being overwhelmed with the length of Mark's gospel, especially in the many pages given to argument about this or that detail of Anglican worship.

Moreover, the author has developed an unpleasant habit of overloading his books with unnecessary minor characters whose garrulous opinions merely clog his story. Faced with such minor characters, and at wits' end what to do with them, Mr. Mackenzie allows his irritation to get the better of him. With a vicious stroke of his fountain pen he rids himself of them all too abruptly. Thus—"Poor Mr. Spraull was ordained about three years after Mark left Slowbridge, and a week later he was run over by a brewer's dray and killed."

Like the curate's egg, Mr. Mackenzie's trilogy is good in spots and bad in others. It suffers, like his Sylvia Scarlet, from padding and from over much twistings and turnings from the main current of the tale. It is redundant. Indeed, when the author has already told us in all sufficient detail of Mark Littledale's career, it is trying to the temper and interest of the reader to have the clerical hero penning epistles of Littledale to his numerous correspondents, in which he narrates his life history all over again. Again, the whole episode of the clergyman's devotion for Sister Esther Magdelene of the Anglican Sisterhood at Shoreditch could well have been omitted. It is morbid; and truly it is somewhat late in the day to trouble us with another rendering of the old tale of Thais.

Still, with all these technical defects, this trilogy can be safely said to be the best description of modern Anglicanism in fiction. In these volumes Mr. Mackenzie has done for "Anglo-Catholicism" what Trollope did for the "High and Dries" of his day. How life-like the description of Father Rowley in his slum, buoyant and optimistic even when checked by his bishop, who suffers from a prejudice against prayers for the dead, in the episcopal presence like a fat and naughty boy who knows that he is being reprimanded for eating too many tarts! Indeed, Mr. Mackenzie's clerical characters are so extremely life-like as to have already called forth protests from the living and from relatives of departed vicars and curates, who have imagined themselves or the beloved departed used as models for the characters in this trilogy, and to have caused the author in a note to the third volume to repudiate this charge in all cases, with the exception of Father Rowley, who is, of course, none other than the late and famous Anglican Father Dowling of Plymouth.

While dealing with a parson and his progress from Canterbury to Rome, The Altar Steps, The Parson's Progress, and The Heavenly Ladder are not "religious" novels in the sense that the late Robert Hugh Benson's novels were religious fiction. While Mark Littledale is sentimental and emotionally inclined in his religious development, rather irritatingly so at times, Mr. Mackenzie, as author, does his best to remain exterior to his parson's emotional reactions in his own approach to the ecclesiastical, theological and even philosophical problems with which the books bristle. There is no attempt to play on one's religious emotions, as Benson attempted to play in every novel he wrote.

One thing this trilogy proves beyond a doubt. Mr. Mackenzie has been chided by some critics as having a too critical temperament, a writer who looks on the world with a dubious half-closed eye, at bottom a bit of a cynic. But he is now conclusively proved a sentimentalist whose literary talents conceal the personal romanticism and psychical peculiarities of the author himself.

LOUIS H. WETMORE.

The Bolshevik Persecution of Christianity, by Francis McCullagh. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $7.00.

CAPTAIN Francis McCullagh, the correspondent of the New York Herald in Russia during the stormiest days of the Bolshevik trials of the prelates of the Orthodox and the Catholic Church has published his experiences and studies.

His volume is a large arraignment of the Russian Soviet methods but as he confesses, only "a touch on the fringe of that vast subject."

Patriarch Tikhon and Archbishop Cieplak, both now respited by their persecutors; the Orthodox Russians fed by the Roman hands they hate and distrust; the general unfaith and the heroic self-sacrifice of individuals bring back again the memories of the persecutions of Diocletian and the French Reign of Terror. Captain McCullagh's book is a terrible, splendid picture of the carnage of an unleashed brute inflamed with a hatred of Christ at home as well as abroad, and his book will long remain in documentary value with students of this dire manifestation of demonism in Russian life.

Impressions of Great Naturalists, by Henry Fairfield Osborn. New York: Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

IN an interesting gallery of such personages as Wallace, Darwin, Huxley, Pasteur, Leidy, Muir, Roosevelt and Bryce, Professor Osborn leads his reader, as an amiable cicerone through a collection of Old Masters. His reminiscences of many of these great men are personal and of considerable value to the historian as well as the student of the sciences.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

It turned out to be poets' night in The Quiet Corner, quite without conscious design to have it so—by inspiration, as it were, just as a poem itself is created. It began when Doctor Angelicus, who had come very late to work that morning, and who was salving a queasy conscience by fussily pretending to work in the Club, roared out—

"Tittivillus!"

At the same time he pushed a fluttering mass of manuscript off his massive knees. The elfish page boy promptly came forward with a waste paper basket, while the Doctor, flushed by his activities, testily exclaimed—

"Take 'em away. Poems! poems! without the poor excuse of postage for return."

Professor Hereticus, just hanging up his hat, said—"Live up to your name, Angelicus, be gentle, be kind. The poets believed you would take their offerings. They had faith in you, who once were a poet yourself. It would have shown disrespect to your judgment to indicate—however delicately—that the poems could be declined."

"That's not the whole of it," sputtered Angelicus, "these simple etherial souls who dream of the old days in Tuscany, Rome and France when monarchs and fine ladies kept their court-poets; when English and French kings handed out prizes, and who praise the lands of Nobel prizes and literary awards, while they hurl their bardic curses on ungrateful republics and national administrations! And yet not one of them will place a four cent stamp on a letter that calls for six cents—no not one of them, epical, dramatical, lyrical, mystical!"

"Yah," sneezed Tittivillus at this Delphic moment, while the Doctor of Angels caught his second breath.

"The government not patronize literature? How can they repeat this falsehood. Does not the post office annually contribute several hundred thousand dollars to forward the missives of these insufficiently posted jugglers of mss! It is a free gift of the people to literature—is there no gratitude among authors?"

"What do you do with the stamps of mss. that you accept?" earnestly inquired Primus Criticus.

Doctor Angelicus here lost his temper entirely and we cannot record his answers.

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"But that's not really a fair question," said Statisticus. "A more pertinent one would be, what is paid when you accept a poem? What are your rates?"

"They vary, of course," remarked the Editor, diplomatically. "Your query reminds me of a remark I heard at the Catholic Writer's Guild the other evening, when Mr. Otto Kahn was delivering his remarkably fine address on the duty of wealthy men to spend some of their riches patronizing the arts. Mr. Kahn told us how he took a European philosopher to call on the late E. H. Harriman. The European had believed Mr. Harriman to be a typical hard-headed man of practical affairs, but after hearing him rhapsodize on the subject of his vast railroad enterprises, he said to Mr. Kahn—'But this man is a poet—he rhymes in railroad lines!' A poet at the back of the hall whispered to a brother bard—'I wonder how much he was paid per line?' The other replied—'I dont know, but railroad rates have been high ever since.'"

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"Speaking of poetry," broke in Angelicus, who had shoved Tittivillus away, and had been turning over the manuscripts remorsefully—"here's a bit I think we'll take." And he read—

To a Klansman

I've seen you in your nightgown, mask and frills,
A stouter figure never scraped the road.
You even wheezed abroad that night it snowed.
And kindled oily crosses on the hills.
Of course, Inferiority's to blame,
Its complex leads to melancholy pills
And all those torpid, fretful childish ills,
Unless you find a flaming path to fame.
But if you'll take a little sound advice,
You'll don at once the clothes of full-grown men,
('Twas skirts that made the ladies scared of mice!)
And sharpen up your Yankee acumen,
For laughter rolls today with loud accord,
But later—who can tell?—we might be bored!

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But fortunately the session in the Quiet Corner ended on a higher note, struck by Primus Criticus, who said—"I am reminded of the great Menendez y Pelayo's remark, in his Essay on Mystical Poetry, when he speaks of the rarity of true mystical quality even among the authors of devout and religious poetry. He also states that no country and no period in history can lay a special claim to preëminence in this form of poetry— which, however, in its perfection can only be found in our Christianity which sanctions the union of love between the divine and the human, implied in the divine humanity of Jesus Christ and His flock. These thoughts come back to us on a re-reading of Stray Leaves, published anonymously in San Francisco and in its meek, half hidden lyrics revealing a distinct touch of this supernatural quality evidenced in the poem:

Evening

As the swallow to its nest,
  My heart to Thee!
Crimson dieth in the west,
  And now I see
No more the garish light of day,
  But only Thee!
Hast a welcome to Thy Heart
  For heart sore pressed,
Far from creature love apart
  Upon Thy Breast?
There reposing would I stay,
  By Thee close pressed!
Swallow, dip thee through the sky
  Thy mission o'er!
Crimson tide in glory die
  At Heaven's door!
Ye have sped me on my way,
  My quest is o'er!

—THE LIBRARIAN.

NEW CONTRIBUTORS

Abbé Ernest Dimnet, at present on a lecture tour through the United States, is a well-known authority in English and French literature and social affairs, and the author of France, Herself Again.
C. P. Curran is a contributor to the London Nation.
Charles Phillips, poet and playwright, is the author of The New Poland.
Harold Vinal is the editor of the poetry magazine Voices.
George Shuster is the author of The Catholic Spirit in English Literature.
Francis Carlin is a poet distinguished for his Irish ballads.
Louis H. Wetmore is a lecturer and contributor to the magazines.
Lloyd Morris is the author of The Celtic Dawn.

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